

Where is it?

Well, the question is worth asking. Our only department, in the letters I sent during the making of our treaty of six years ago, referred to it as "the island of Corea," and a leading statesman, upon being offered the position of minister to Corea, had to confess to himself that he did not know where the land was. One of the great misshapen boards, which is popularly supposed to know every nation and tribe as its own children, directed one of its young men in going to Corea to land at Yokohama, Japan, and then take the railroad for Nagasaki.

"Here," wrote the brines in their explicit directions, "you will probably have to rest over night, but on the following day you can take the cars for Corea, and you had better cherish your baggage for Seoul, the capital."

A look at the map of Asia will show how ridiculous these statements were, and when it is remembered that there is as yet no railroad covering the hundreds of miles between Yokohama and Nagasaki, and that from Nagasaki to Corea is a sea voyage of several days, the matter will be appreciated. Our learned state department has long since found out that Corea is not an island, but a peninsula, and the missionaries have gained such a foothold that their enemies last June excited almost a revolution by spreading the stories that they were feeding their Christian stomachs on Corean babies, and that they also killed the children that they might grind up their eyes to make medicine and materials for photographic use. But more of this anon.

Let us take a look at Corea.

It is a peninsula of about the same shape as Florida or Italy, and it hangs down into the Pacific ocean from the northern edge of China and the lower eastern edge of Russian Siberia. Between it and China is the dirty, boisterous Yellow sea, which takes a day and a night by steamer to cross, and its lower coast is about an equal distance from the western edge of Japan. It has 1,700 miles of sea coast, and its western shores are lined with bold and rocky islands. It is a land of mountains. A great chain winds throughout it from north to south, and going by the land in a steamer its reefs look mountainous, bleak, and bare. Nature, however, has done well for it. Its mountains are filled with minerals and its soil, under proper cultivation, vomit blossom like the rose. Mr. Dinwiddie, our minister, tells me that more than \$3,000,000 worth of gold dust and gold nuggets was taken from the Corean hills last year, and the foreigners here say that the supplies of gold are rich in the extreme. The climate is delightful. It is as bracing as that of Colorado and its springs and its autumn are like the winters of California.

It is a country of rivers, though it has but few navigable streams. It has some large cities and its population, so Judge O. N. Denny, the foreign adviser to the king, tells me, is about 12,000,000. It has thus not quite one-third the population of Great Britain and its area is nearly as great as that of the land of John Bull. It approximates in size our states of Kansas, Minnesota, or Oregon.

It is an old country.

Corean scholars go back almost to the flood in their traditions and the land was conquered by China as far back as 1136 B. C. In the year 1036 a Chinese army invaded Corea and Corea bought peace by paying tribute. She promised to give 100 ounces of gold, 10,000 bags of rice, 2,000 rolls of silk, 10,000 rolls of linen, 500 rolls of cotton, 2,000 rolls of paper, 2,000 knives, 1,000 ox horns, 200 pounds of dye wood, 100 tiger skins, 100 deer skins, 400 seal skins, and 200 blue rat skins every year. For generations an embassy of Coreans started from the place I am now writing and carried these presents to the emperor at Peking. The embassy goes still, but the amount of tribute has been lessened. China now claims that Corea is her vassal and the leading political issue between the two countries is as to whether she should be regarded as such or as a tributary power. The latter, according to history and international law, seems to be the true position. The land is a kingdom of itself and it has its

international rights. It stands toward China merely as a debtor to a creditor and President Cleveland has recognized the Chung Yung, the representative of the Corean king, as standing on the same footing at Washington as the emperor of China himself.

The king of Corea is as despotic in his powers as the boy emperor of the Chinese. He rules the land with a rod of iron. His nod can shiver off an ear or a head, and when he asks to borrow none of his nobility would be so foolish as to refuse to lend. His people are somewhat like the Chinese were a century ago. It is the land of feudalism. There are the nobles who do nothing and the people who are squeezed by them out of everything they have.

Speaking of the king's borrowing calls attention to a story which is now exciting Corea society, both foreign and native. It is that one of the attaches of the legation at Washington has fallen in love with a New York girl said to be worth \$2,000,000. The two are reported here as engaged and the speculations as to what shall be done with the girl's \$2,000,000 are numerous. One of the foreign ladies thinks the match a good one for Corea. "For," says she, "the king can borrow this man's \$2,000,000 and pay off his debt to China and Corea will be free."

"But what of the girl," said I, "and her husband? They may refuse to lend."

"Such a thing is not conceivable," was the emphatic reply. "The king owns all Corea and his subjects are always glad to be honored by such requests. They would not expect repayment of the debt, but he would give them an office out of which they could squeeze a good living. The girl might be taken into the palace and her husband would be a yang ban with a capital Y."

The yang ban or nyang ban are the nobility of Corea. They own the land and hold the offices. It is a disgrace to them to work and their chief employment seems to be swinging along the streets with a pompous stride or squalling on their heels, and smoking pipes, which are so long-stemmed that they have to have some one to light them for them. It is a question whether the Corean, whose love is reciprocated by our New York beauty, is of this class. As I remember him he is not strikingly noble in feature, and my advice to the young lady is, if she has any serious intentions of marriage, to insist upon a trip to Corea before the engagement is consummated. When she sees the royal palace of her almond-eyed Claudia Melchotte looking out upon its Corean lake of Como which she will find to be a sever gutter a foot wide and six inches deep, she will begin to repent. When the palace with its peep-holes has sunken to a thatched one-story hut before her disgusted eyes, her heart will grow sicker within her, and when on inquiring as to her household establishment, she is told that she will have narrow quarters at the back of the hut and that her chief occupation will be in ironing the clothes of her lord and master, by pounding them with a club, her love, alas, may begin to wane. I give this advice out of pure friendship for an American girl. I do not know the young lady's name, but her lover is not among the rich men of Corea, and the conditions I have above described are those of the middle class.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

#### Who Knows?

PISCATAWAY, Mich., Dec. 7.—To the Editor: Will you kindly answer through your valued paper who wrote the poem entitled "A Similar to Shingoo?" Also, if possible, give the words of the poem, consisting of three or four verses. If you can not, please ask some of your many readers to kindly comply with my request. It treats on two friends meeting and describing a summer courtship, and when making love at Saratoga was rejected. The last words of all verses are: "So was I." Truly, B. H. H. H. H.

[We ask any reader that can answer the above to oblige us and our correspondent by sending their answer to this office.]

To Drive Out Disreputable People I  
DOMINICAN, Ill., Dec. 23.—The city council last night instructed the city attorney to draw up an ordinance providing for a fine of \$100 for peopling of houses of ill fame and \$50 for inmates, hereof for the first \$25, and \$10, respectively

Korea has had apparently a system of government almost purely patriarchal. While the king was head of the government he was also the great father of his people. To him those who did not or could not work looked for subsistence. One class soon became that from which the officials were drawn, while the second class furnished the laborers, farmers and artisans, a middle class forming the link between, despised usually by the higher and regarded with some contempt by the lower.

The upper class, the *Nyangpans*, as they are called, are the scholars of the land, well versed in the Chinese characters, which they write exceedingly well, acquainted with literature and science such as ~~we have~~ very proud of

their family and descent, but often very poor. Certainly their condition is a lamentable one: too proud to work, too poor to live without it. Occasionally some brave man breaks through the lines of caste and does work. Some country *nyangpans* are farmers; this, in the country, not being derogatory to them. They must live in some way, so every rich man's house, every official's residence, is crowded with a host of poor relations, who act as secretaries for their more fortunate kinsmen, who in turn feed them and occasionally make them a present of some cloth for clothing.

Their wives, strange to say, seem to have less caste, and a poor *nyangpan's* wife may take in sewing, or may even keep a small restaurant or inn, provided, of course, she does not appear before her customers, without her husband losing caste. Of course this is only possible with the poorer ones, but even the wives of men comparatively high in rank do their husband's sewing and ironing.

The great hope of all Korean *nyangpans* seems to be to get office, which means not only rank but food, clothes, money and everything desirable for a Korean to have. Office is supposed to be obtained solely as the result of the *kwagga* or examination, the successful competitors obtaining rank and office. No doubt this was once so, but now favoritism,—not I believe on the part of the king, but on the part of those deputed by the king to examine the candidates' trial papers,—or even purchase, often obtains the coveted rank and office. The latter may be for a term of years, but the rank continues throughout life unless a higher one is obtained.

Knowing what office means to a Korean, one can readily understand why on examination day the city should be thronged with anxious, excited men, and why men should come year after year from youth to old age to secure if possible the coveted prize.

What stands in the way of the onward progress of the country is that there is a large number of consumers who are not in any sense of the word producers. One of the first things this people must learn is the dignity of labor—that nothing in work is as degrading as it is not to work.



COREAN - MINISTER AND FAMILY

## IN THE CITY OF SEOUL.

The Capital of Far-Away Corea and  
What It Looks Like to an  
American.

Nine Miles of Wall Hem In the Most  
Curious People on the Face of  
the Earth.

A Nation of Girls Born to Blush Unseen—The  
King and His Despotie  
Powers.

SEOUL, Corea, Nov. 23, 1883.—The Coreans are the rarest birds in the aviary of humanity. I first came into contact with them in January. The king had sent his first legation to Washington. I was at the capital acting as the correspondent for the *New York World*. The legation swooped down upon our court circles in their big hats and their gorgeous gowns. They used the whole of the Pennsylvania avenue sidewalk for their promenade and their first appearance upon the street brought out as many darkies and small boys as a circus procession. They were the sensation of the day. The society belles hung upon them at the president's receptions and books on Corea sold like hot cakes. Little, however, had been published and the newspapers, with all their enterprise, contained but scanty paragraphs. The embassy had landed at San Francisco and had come directly across the continent. Various attempts had been made by the newspapers along the line to get photographs of the minister and his attaches, but his highness, Pak Chung Yang, had shut his almond-eyes when asked to look into the camera and his suite had to all requests bobbed their pig-tailed heads in a decided negative. The legation first stopped at the Ebbitt house. I called upon them the night they arrived and had an interview with a Corean noble, who spoke English, and with Dr. Allen, the able American secretary of the legation. These talks were telegraphed to the *World* and they duly appeared the next day.

The photographs were a different matter. When I suggested having them taken at the paper's expense Dr. Allen said that they were too busy and the Coreans, smoothing their gorgeous gowns down over the bustles of their abdomens, replied that the thing was impossible. Still, it was Friday, and the Sunday paper had to have an illustrated letter on the legation. The almighty dollar and the pencil of a bright young artist solved the problem.

He took dinner that night at the Ebbitt house and his table was just next that of the big-hatted Coreans. He carried his sketch book with him and he turned out a number of excellent character sketches between the bites. These were sent that night to New York. They duly appeared in the next Sunday's *World*, and they were the first pictures of Corean nobles which had up to that time been published in an American newspaper.

This was ten months ago.

I had then no idea that I would ever visit Corea. It seemed the jumping-off spot of the end of the world. It was known as the hermit kingdom, and was the last of the unknown lands. I ransacked the national library to find the material for the two-column article which accompanied my sketches. I was told that the only book that gave any information about the country was written by a man who had never been there, and Poole's index showed that the magazines had published nothing to speak of concerning it. All authorities, however, agreed that it was a strange land. Now I am here in its capital, and I find it far stranger than the books have painted it. I verily believe it is the queerest country on the face of this very queer world.

The fourth annual meeting of the Ladies' Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Holston Presbytery was held at Salem Church, in connection with Presbytery, March 26 1886. Mrs. Dr. Gibson, of Jonesboro, turned the minds of all present to Corea with interesting reports from Mrs. Dr. Heron, her daughter, and our missionary there. As a mother's heart is much of the time in the home of an absent daughter, Mrs. Gibson made life in Corea seem real to us; then earnestly spoke of the spiritual needs of that dark field, and the importance of female medical missionary work as the quickest and surest means of reaching our heathen sisters in that land with the bread of life.

The Society adjourned to meet with Presbytery at 7 P. M. when a joint meeting was held, Rev. John R. Gass, the Moderator, presiding. The annual report of the Secretary was read, and gave several encouraging features. Contributions were good considering the financial condition of the country, and new missionary interest has been aroused in some places. One new band was received, and two new societies are expected to be organized soon. Four bands, one circle and four societies were reported, with a membership of 180. Sixty-two dollars of the Home Mission money was appropriated to the support of missionary labor in the mountainous parts of Holston Presbytery; \$27 to the rebuilding of Park Hill Mission Church and school-house, and \$29 to the debt of the Executive Committee. Forty-four dollars has been contributed for Foreign Missions toward the support of Mrs. Dr. Heron, of Corea. During the year two young ladies have gone out from our Presbytery, one as a foreign, and one as a home missionary; Miss Hattie Gibson, now Mrs. Dr. Heron, from Jonesboro Church to Corea, and Miss Sallis Mathes, of Salem Church, to Park Hill Mission School, Indian Territory.

Miss Bertha Doak, of Oakland Church, read a paper entitled "Queen Esther's Mission"—a lesson of cheer for women of today. Rev. C. A. Duncan showed us that there was no limit to home missionary work. Miss Stella Mathes, of Salem Church, recited "Too Much to Do at Home." Jonesboro Church was represented by Miss Lena Mason with a paper on "Woman's Work for Woman," in which she forcibly reminded us that many doors through which the bread of life must be carried to heathen women are open only to woman. Rev. S. A. Collie, in "Why This Waste?" answered many objections to Foreign Missions. The good music enjoyed at intervals throughout the meeting was led, with organ accompaniment, by Prof. T. H. R. Christie, Professor of Music in Washington College. Officers for the coming year: President, Miss Maggie Moore, Tusculum, re-elected; Vice-President, Mrs. J. A. Alexander, Greeneville; Secretary, Mrs. Milton Mathes, Washington College; Treasurer, Mrs. R. Ellen Mitchell, Limestone, re-elected. Mrs. BELL R. MOORE.

give it to others. We have not sought, as yet, to get any of them actually to sign a pledge, but are, thus far, merely seeking to inform their minds on the subject that they may see the evil effects of intemperate habits.

At the end of the session, three of the girls were married and with them, another—an ex-pupil—whom we had been compelled to send away some years ago, as she was apparently developing symptoms of leprosy. It was quite a gala day in the compound, as so many of our pupils had never before been married on one day. They were all married to Christians, some of whom are in the employment of the mission. Our new college was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion, and, when I went in at the hour appointed for the ceremony, I could hardly get a seat, the building being crowded in every corner by eager on-lookers, every one being anxious to get a look at the brides. They were each seated in tall red chairs beside their respective bridegrooms, looking very pretty in their bright colored dresses and with gay flowers in their hair. They were married by one of the native pastors, who exhorted at some length on their respective duties, making quite as much of the duty of the daughter-in-law as of the wife. He was followed by another of the preachers, who gave them three things to remember. First, to care for their own good name, making it like a flower shedding fragrance all around. Second, to care for the good name of the school, exhorting them in all things to show an obedient and submissive spirit to those in authority over them, that they might be a credit rather than a discredit to the school in which they were educated. And, thirdly, to care for the good name of their Lord. We all thought the remarks exceedingly good and appropriate. In the afternoon, the bridegrooms gave a feast, to which all the members of the mission were invited, and thus ended another school year.

## Woman in Korea.

By BERTHA S. OLLINGER, *M. E. Mission, Seoul, Korea.*

WOMAN has not always been held in contempt by the heathen. According to the degree of moral virtue which has characterized the times, has she been more or less highly esteemed and respected. The more degraded the times, the more has she suffered and been held in subjection. This has been the case in all countries and ages. Jean Paul in his *Levana* says: "Whilst women rise and fall in accordance with the rise and fall of government administration, it is clearly manifest that they fashion themselves after and adjust themselves to the law-makers and administrators—the men; that corruption in woman is but the result of corruption in men, and that increasing wickedness in woman is but the aftermath of increased licentiousness in men." In few countries has woman been more generally despised, wronged and oppressed than in China. "Woman is like a garment, which, when it becomes old, can be exchanged for another." These are the words of an ancient Chinese philosopher (see 明心寶鑑) reiterated in the bearing of the Chinaman towards woman to this day. We have all heard of the great respect for the aged, for an aged mother, &c., and Chinamen, who have found their way into Western countries, have declared the reports of the cruelties to which the female population is subjected, false and exaggerated. They look at the matter through the large end of the telescope, while the unsophisticated Chinaman readily corroborates our most serious representations.

In our little "peninsula across the bay"—a heathen country, the people of which show the utmost indifference for everything that goes beyond the wants of every-day life, a people almost devoid of religion, notwithstanding its relation and proximity to the great Buddhist and Taoist empire—things

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wear a notably different aspect. The Chinese woman might well envy her Korean sister, though the gloom and pall of heathenism also hangs over the life of the latter. Yet there is a contrast that invites study. Is it the indifference of the Koreans towards these gigantic systems and their lukewarmness towards the Loo philosopher, that makes them comparatively kind and considerate? The sorcery and witchcraft, so prevalent here, look like twin sisters to Chinese vulgar Taoism, though the women have almost a monopoly of these practices. The Korean woman is "uncauny"; she has visions and dreams dreams. The men readily admit that the women exceed them in skill and perseverance. They are consulted in all important matters. All men-servants and laborers are addressed in the lowest terms; but these terms are never used in addressing a woman, unless she be a slave. My cook does not object, when addressed like a slave; my laundry-woman does. The Korean is fond of his home, though not so inseparably chained to clan and locality as the Chinaman. In giving the number of his children, he never "forgets" the daughters. Mothers inflict corporal punishment on their full-headed sons. However it may have come about, whether through the lack of Chinese influence (through its religion and philosophy) or through the peculiar position Korea has occupied, wedged in between the upper and nether millstones (China and Japan), woman must have had an opportunity, which she used to make herself both respected and indispensable. The civilization, government and morals of Korea are not superior to those of China; marriage laws are less stringent and adultery apparently more common. Concubinage also seems to be more common than in China. But—woman is the *worker*. In many instances, she supports not only herself and children, but the husband as well. No country in the world can show an equal number of starved and pampered do-nothings. Hundreds may be seen almost



any day, strutting about in their beautifully landried linen, apparently happy in the thought that people speak of them as "lazy." Even the coolie, if he have a wife, is indifferent about the morrow's "job." Yet they cannot make a beast of burden of her; her work is too valuable. Nearly all know how to sew, and their work is usually a marvel of neatness and precision. All winter-wear, including the stockings, is wadded and has to be taken apart for every washing. Thus both char-woman and seamstress are in demand, and it costs a Korean almost as much to get his stockings washed, as it costs us to get a new pair. Yet the commonest mud-carrier wears his stockings, summer and winter. There are no men-tailors. A poor creature, with an ugly hare lip, came to our Woman's Hospital, saying that her husband had rejected her because of her affliction. The operation proved very successful, and the husband was delighted with his good-looking wife. She informed him with all her characteristic calmness, that she was fully as able to take care of herself as she had been before the operation. The indolence and vanity of the men and the pluck of the women probably afford the best explanation of the contrast referred to above.

The poor Chinese women have always been made to feel that they are stupid, and that any attempt to teach them is labor lost. How often we were told, when first beginning to open day-schools in Fukkien: "You might as well try to teach a cow as to teach our girls and women." In Korea, the field is more promising. It is not only considered a good thing for a woman to be able to read, but a respectable Korean will not marry a woman who is illiterate, though she may be wealthy and of high social standing. She must also know how to sew. Our simple alphabet, consisting of twenty-five modest letters, facilitates the acquisition of such knowledge as their books contain. Many are also employed in copying (in a wonderful "running band") works that are

out of print. We have as yet no reliable data as to the number of women who read the *Éu-mnu*; those who read the *Han-mnu* (*Wên-li*) are but few. Woman is not secluded to the same extent as in China. The upper classes walk out short distances in the company of trusty female servants, after dark. In the daytime, they go in closed chairs. Others go out with a cloak thrown over the head and held together under the chin so as to hide all of the face but the eyes. These are the middle classes, and they go about freely. The lower classes are as free as the men. At the same time, great care is exercised to prevent the commingling of families belonging to different classes of society. When it is proposed to put two families in one house, the first question to be settled is whether they "*may see each other.*" The custom of going out after dark gives our work here a feature not met with in other lands. The female costume in Korea is probably the most immodest to be found in the East.

Infanticide is unknown, and I have been listened to with an air of suspicion when relating some of the cruelties I witnessed in China. The Koreans always seem astonished and shocked to learn that baby-drowning is practised in China. My teacher innocently remarked that it wasn't drowning them, but simply a way the Chinese had of testing the constitution of a child, or, at most, an innocent attempt to aid "the survival of the fittest." He could not conceive of parents wilfully destroying their offspring. Korean children are usually well dressed and fed. They are full of frolic, questions and "wants." Stone-fights are their chief amusement. The worst thing about these fights is the noise made by the "generals," and the shout of the victorious "army."

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## Sin-th'ang.

MALILDA HEAL, C. I. M.

**S**IN-CH'ANG is a small unimportant city, situated rather prettily amongst the hills, about two days' journey overland, south-west of Ningpo.

As an out-station from Shao-hing, it has been opened for twenty years or more, but it is only during the last three years that foreigners have resided here. My husband and I are the only ones at present.

The Church is small, consisting of twenty-four members; and, when we look around and see the thousands of people all about us, who are wholly given up to idolatry and wickedness of all kinds (for this district has a name for sin, of a very debased type, and for its many ancestral temples), our hearts are saddened, more so, when we think how few are on the Lord's side. Still, it is in His name we trust, and, in His name, we shall come off more than conquerors.

Of the work here I can say but little, as we are only beginners. We have only a small room on the street, where the Sabbath services are held, and which is opened daily for the preaching of the Gospel. Through the efforts of the Christians, however, and some of our friends, and in answer to many prayers, we have nearly enough to build a small chapel, apart from mission funds. We have bought a small piece of ground and hope D. V. to begin to build in a month or so. Our meetings are fairly well attended. We have three weekly prayer-meetings, one for women only and two general meetings. My Bible-woman, Mrs. Nying, is an intelligent Christian of about twenty years standing. She is the widow of one of the early members in Shing-hien. She also has a weekly class for the women, and is teaching them "Peep of Day" at present, and soon, I hope to examine

ONE AFTERNOON AT HOME IN SEOUL.

[From Letters to a Mother.]

Sep. 15, 11

I MAY as well begin with yesterday afternoon, with its ups and downs. The day before, we had been out on the street and some miserable old street women had stopped me to look at the children. I told them they could come to my house, so in they came yesterday, about two o'clock, with fifteen of their friends and several children. I let them see the house, the stove, tables, chairs, my pen and ink, thimble and sewing machine; then I got them quiet and had begun to teach them the way of salvation, all so new and strange to them, when I found that Annie had gotten out of my sight. She had not been gone more than three minutes, for I always keep a sharp lookout for the children when I have women here. I took baby and hunted her up and went back to my women. All fifteen of them were busy looking into my drawers, boxes and baskets, but this was only what I expected.

Before this party went away my dear old crooked woman came to study the Bible with me, as she does every week. She is worth living here six years for. I wish you could see her face when she tells what Christ has done and thanks me for teaching her.

Before she went, my old Bible woman came. She told me that her home is about to be broken up and she wishes she could come and live with me until she dies. She said she doesn't eat much and she could sleep on the floor anywhere.

While she was here, Pack's sister came with her two children, in a chair. Pack was Dr. Heron's Korean teacher and one of the first Christians and evangelists, taking journeys into the North and South with books and Bibles in Chinese and the few we then had in Korean. Before his death he told Dr. Heron that he was not afraid to die, that he could trust Christ for his salvation, but he did feel troubled to leave his poor old mother, his young wife, and widowed sister and children with no one to care for them. Dr. Heron gave Pack a promise that they should not suffer as long as he lived, and he kept it. After a year or two Pack's widow married again, which was a great grief and shame to all the family, for it would have been better for her to starve than to marry, according to Korean custom. A little boy came to call me to the old lady's death-bed last week. She told me that she should soon be in heaven with her son and Dr. Heron.

of the desired article—seven pins; then we were appealed to again, and diligent and judicious search brought us up to the point of procedure.

We began with "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" then came the recitation of the second chapter of Luke, "The Lord God of Israel," two

epistles were here, in the Bible class at the Sunday-school, and for a little while it almost seemed as if Christ Himself might have appeared in their midst.

I have dwelt on this evening chiefly because it is one of the evidences that the work of the Lord is worthy to be taught in order that they may in turn teach others.

Carrie T. Alex.

### SHIKATA GA NAI

A MARKED characteristic of both Japanese men and women, but especially the women, may be described by the phrase *shikata ga nai*. It can hardly be translated literally, but may be rendered, "there is no other way," "there is no help for it," or "it is inevitable."

It is a phrase so constantly in use that it is soon incorporated bodily into the vocabulary of the foreigner, but it is certainly the most dispiriting little idiom that ever met the ears of an active, nervous, impetuous westerner.

The only reason that the work is not done at the promised time, that the *jinrikishas* are not brought so that a journey can be continued, that a person does not keep his appointment, that a pupil does not know her lesson is "*shikata ga nai*."

One may command, implore, threaten, hiss, hair and weep, but the Japanese

impassive, simply says "*shikata ga nai*" and wonders that any one should get excited over a little thing when waiting is so easy. However, this sentiment is probably at the root of the patience and fortitude of this nation. If a thing is *shikata ga nai* why become angry? and a well-bred Japanese never loses his temper. Pain is *shikata ga nai*, why cry out? Death is *shikata ga nai*, why weep?

The virtue of endurance is especially impressed upon the Japanese woman. Her life is one long yielding to circumstances. According to the precepts of Confucius she must obey her parents when young, her husband when married, her son when a widow.

Among the better classes, childhood is the halcyon period of life, for the child's wish seems never to be crossed, and both parents are very proud and tender of little

this, and the missionaries, when they heard of the little school, were glad to help, too.

When the Japanese Christians heard of Ho Soi San's work, the Japanese pastor came twice a week to hold a preaching service in the little room, and the people of his church gladly paid the rent. So, you see, Ho Soi San no longer needs to draw the jinrikisha at night. But do you suppose that he uses the evenings, thus set free, for rest and his own pleasure? No, he has now opened an evening school for the fathers and mothers of his little people.

But is he never tired? Does he never rest? Yes, to both questions. Sometimes he is very tired, and then the voice that he loves whispers, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me. For I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And so Ho Soi San is rested for "one more day's work for Jesus."

### THAT FAR-AWAY LAND OF CHO-SEN.

HERE'S a singular country far over the sea,  
Which is known to the world as Korea,  
Where there's nothing to churn and nothing to please,  
And of cleanliness not an idea;  
Where a lucid description of persons and things  
Quite baffles the readiest pen,  
And stirs up strange qualms in the poet who sings  
Of that far-away land of Cho-Sen,—  
Where the houses they live in are mostly of dirt,  
With a tumble-down roof made of thatch;  
Where soap is unknown, it is safe to assert,  
And where vermin in myriads hatch;  
Where the streets are all reeking with odors more rife  
Than the smells from a hyena's den;  
One visit is surely enough for one life  
To that far-away land of Cho-Sen,—  
Where the garments are made on a very queer plan,  
And are something quite out of the common;  
Where women wear pantaloons, just like a man,  
Proud men braid their hair like a woman;  
The married man gathers his hair at the top  
In a knot, much resembling a wen;  
The female coiffure is a huge, ugly mop,  
In that far-away land of Cho-Sen,—  
Where the hats have a crown much too small for the head,  
While the brim measures several feet round;  
Where the principal fire is under the bed,  
And the chimney's a hole in the ground;  
Where the coolies can't work without singing a song,  
And must stop for a rest now and then,  
While they snatch a few whiffs from a pipe three feet long,  
In that far-away land of Cho-Sen,—

CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

Where foreigners flock to improve the ideas  
 Of the natives, and help them make money;  
 Where the hives are well filled by the Korean bee,  
 But the foreigner gets all the honey;  
 Where shopkeepers ought to be rolling in wealth  
 From the prices they charge one,—but then  
 It is not at all likely they go for their health,  
 To that far-away land of Cho-Sen,—

Where the king, in a manner becoming a prince,  
 Is charmed with such fresh innovation,  
 And pays with post-offices, steamers and mints,  
 At a grievous expense to the nation;  
 Where quibbling strangers big contracts have made,  
 But find, when they ask for their *yen*,  
 'Tis a very cold day when employers are paid,  
 In that far-away land of Cho-Sen,—

Where men-of-war, fresh from some pleasanter clime,  
 Look in for a few days or so;  
 Where the "Palos," alas! spends the most of her time,  
 In the port about Chinnulpo;  
 Where those who escape never care to return  
 To that "Morning-Calm" country again;  
 Where there's nothing on earth that could cause one to yearn  
 For that far-away land of Cho-Sen.

Written by F. M. BOSTWICK, Capt. of the "Palos."

There are *two* sides to Korea. The side represented by these verses is not in the least exaggerated. On the other hand, you would see, if you could look into our school, that we have bright, interesting little girls with whom to work. They are naturally generous in their disposition; and I see constantly those things which suggest that children are *children*, the world around.

When my freight came from New York, the unpacking was of unusual interest to them, since every thing was entirely foreign to Korea. I was undoing a small paper, which proved to be some small thumb screws. One little girl said, in Korean, "They gave her those because they had nothing else to give her." I need not say we *enjoyed* the comment, nor that I am taking care of the screws.

Last Saturday was a day second only to the New Year's day. In the evening my little girls returned a compliment they had received, by inviting some of the girls from the Methodist school over. After enjoying their pop-corn and nuts they went out in the yard.

You would have laughed to see me trying to teach them to play, "Drop the 'kerchief." From my limited vocabulary, I could recall the word for *hurry* and for *strike* (not just the words I might have used), but I made myself understood. The game passed off to their delight.

Afterward, the little girls sang together in Korean, "There is a Happ. Land far, far away," and in English, "Jesus Loves me, this I know." Then the visitors made their Korean courtesy, and went home, leaving our little girls quite delighted with their visit.

S. A. DOTY.

ment has lately been here prospecting for coal and iron. He believes fully in the progressiveness of the government. He says in particular that the government will unquestionably put through the great trunk railway from Peking to Honkew. Honkew is far up the Yong Izi, about a thousand miles from Shanghai. If the government puts this railroad through, it is fully committed to progress. But what a howl the professors of "Fung snci" will raise!

I suppose many of the readers of THE CHURCH AT HOME AND ABROAD have read the memoirs of Dr. S. Wells Williams. We are just reading it with great interest. The progress since Dr. Williams went to Cantow has been amazing. The Chinese teacher who started the great Chinese lexicographer in his study of the

language did not dare to have it known that he was instructing a barbarian in the language of the celestials, and always took with him a lady's shoe to fall back on the more reputable trade of a shoemaker in case his real employment should lead him into trouble with the mandarins. This jealousy has all passed away. Christian books could not be printed in Canton, and the young printer was obliged to go to Mocow to run his press under the Portuguese flag. Now there are millions of pages of Christian books in China printed annually at our press in Shanghai alone, and no hindrance. There was one convert, Leang a Fa; now there are thirty-five thousand Chinese communicants in Protestant churches. There is great and glorious progress.

CHARLES R. MILLS.

#### KOREA AND BIBLE TIMES.

It is a subject of common remark that while the western world is like a kaleidoscope, ever taking on new shapes and combinations, the Orient has been to a large extent permanent in its mode of life. And what is true of all the East must be especially true of a country like Korea, whose placid surface has been noticeably disturbed by the restless foreign influences for a period of less than a decade. It is therefore not so strange that the Bible student finds much in Korea to remind him of the manner of life that prevailed in the land of Bible story, even though thousands of miles and thousands of years have come between.

Let us look at some of these Korean reminders of Bible times. I may remark in passing that the surface of the country here is much like that of Palestine. Mountains and hills rise everywhere, whose sides are practically useless for purposes of agriculture. Only the valleys are good for the farmers. And with the exception of rice and tobacco, the grains raised here are very much like those mentioned in the Bible: wheat, barley, millet and pulse. Round about the Jewish cities were walls and gates. Encircling Seoul, the capital of Korea, is a

parapeted wall, which turns aside for no obstacle; for it festoons the summits of three mountain peaks. The gates are large buildings and among the finest architectural structures in the city. The gates themselves are of boiler-plate, and are twice the height of a man. I cannot tell whether muzzled oxen tread out the corn, but certainly oxen are used in the fields of Korea. In the spring-time it is a common sight to see oxen struggling through the mire of the rice-fields dragging after them one-handed plows, not unlike the plow of Palestine. Men of honorable position among the Jews used the donkey to ride about the streets of the Judean towns and villages; and it was upon one of these that the Master entered Jerusalem followed by the crowds which cried Hosanna. Upon Korean highways donkeys are not infrequently seen. They are used by neither the highest nor the lowest in the social scale, but mainly by the petty officials. The dogs of eastern cities have always been numerous and currish. They licked up the slaughtered Ahab's blood. They are spoken of in Revelation as a term of contempt for those excluded from the heavenly city: "dogs, sorcerers," etc. In Korea "wans they abound,



and snarl at passing strangers out of the square holes cut for them in the outside doors of the houses. To a certain extent they are volunteer scavengers of the city.

We are told of the bondmen who yielded themselves to the power of their richer neighbors in ancient Israel. Slaves attached to the soil, they say, are not uncommon in Korea. A gentleman in Seoul tells how a tall, fine-looking Korean prostrated himself before his cook in his kitchen. The cook at his home in the country occupied a position higher up in the social scale; and his slave, being in the city, had come to do his master obedience.

In the regions of Canaan water was drawn and carried from wells. Jacob first met the shepherdess Rachel by the side of a well, and one of the most interesting of our Lord's conversations was held with a woman who came out with her pitecher to draw water from a Samaritan well. The water supply of the households of Seoul comes from public wells. Notice a water-carrier as he swings along the street under his burden. Across his back just below the shoulders is a rod, fastened to his person by shoulder-straps. From each end hangs a cord with a hook. Two pails have been filled to the brim at the well, and with one dangling on either side the man swings down the street with none to dispute his way. Women of the poorer classes carry not only water-jars but bowls, dishes and bundles of every description on their heads.

The Jews wore long robes and sandals. Korean streets are full of white-robed men, and women and men alike wear canoe-shaped slippers, which they shake off at every house door as they enter. "Two women shall be grinding at a mill," we read. The hand-mill of Scripture, with its two small circular stones, is not an uncommon sight in Korea. Jewish burial was without the city gates. Our Saviour at the entrance to the city stopped the funeral cortege, that he might give back her son alive to the widow of Nain. The hillsides near Korean towns are full of the semi-globular mounds of the dead. Hired mourners also are found in Korean funeral processions, wailing out their

"I-go-o-o, I-go-o-o," akin in its meaning to our "Alas," "Woe is me." Sackcloth and ashes are vividly brought to mind as one looks upon the garb of a Korean mourner. The dress is made of a brown and very coarse cloth looking much like gunny sacking. Upon his head is a plaited semi-circular hat about the size of a wash-tub.

The previous acquaintance of the young people was not at all necessary in a Jewish marriage. Abraham's servant arranged the preliminaries for Isaac just as well as the young man could have done. There are old ladies who are professional match-makers in Korea; and so far do they take matters into their hands that it is the rule, rather than the exception, that young men on their wedding morning have little idea to whom before nightfall they will be joined in wedlock. Under the patriarchal system Israelites were allowed to take many wives. Here, where their meaus will allow it, men take in addition to their first wife one or more concubines. Their heathen neighbors brought in among the Israelites some customs of great depravity. Many Koreans are depraved beyond description.

Some beautiful customs of hospitality prevailed in Israel. The belated stranger on a journey was cordially taken in and entertained. Koreans are in the highest degree hospitable; and the supporting of so many friends and relatives is one of the things which tend to keep the people poor. A familiar salutation is heard here. A friend is taking his leave. His host says, "Peace go with you," and bears in reply, "Peace abide with you." As in ancient Israel, the government is in a high degree patriarchal.

Genealogies are preserved; and the honoring of parents is carried to the extent of worshipping their fathers who are dead. Here, again, punishment is visited on whole families, as was the case with some of those engaged in the riots of 1884.

Marks of heathenism also are to be seen. Sacrifices are made under different circumstances; and of beasts that are slain, but offerings of rice and other foods. Buddha worship as conducted among Koreans is a species of idol worship. Diviners walk the

## KOREAN STREETS AND HOUSES, SIMILY.

It is not easy to give an adequate idea of the capital of Korea from a cut showing so small a part of the city as does the above; but as one taking in the whole city would be much more indefinite, we will use this as a sample of all Seoul.

The question arises at once as to where the streets are. To one standing on the summit of North mountain seen in the background, and looking away southward over the city, the same question comes up, "Where are the streets?" Close by the foot of the mountain one or two may be traced, but outside these none except the two or three principal streets are to be seen. So far as can now be judged, Seoul was formerly a well laid out city. The streets were comparatively regular and of good width, but at present only one retains its original width. This is the one leading from the main street to the palace. It is perhaps 175 feet broad and about one-third of a mile long, and has been kept absolutely free from the encroachments of various kinds of booths, which have eaten up, or nearly so, the other streets of the city. For example, the street that runs through the foreign settlement was laid out fifty or more feet wide originally. It is now in places so narrow that one with difficulty passes an ox that is loaded with fuel, or some other bulky burden. The original width is determined by ditches, or gutters, which outline either side of it. These gutters are now to be found back of one tier of houses. This narrowing, in some localities, has been going on for centuries, and when it has come to a stop it has been only where one more step would have closed up the street.

One living in Seoul will notice the progress of this road-stealing. It begins in this way: some enterprising citizen decides to go into business. Like most men who succeed, he begins in a small way. His place of business consists of two short poles set up parallel with the front of his house and some four feet distant. The space thus enclosed is covered by a straw mat attached to the poles in front and to the house in the rear. On the ground is laid a small piece of board which answers for counter and show case, back of which sits the merchant. Often the entire stock in booths of this class could be bought for a dime. As the days go by the place of business is improved; mats are hung at the sides, leaving only the front open. Soon

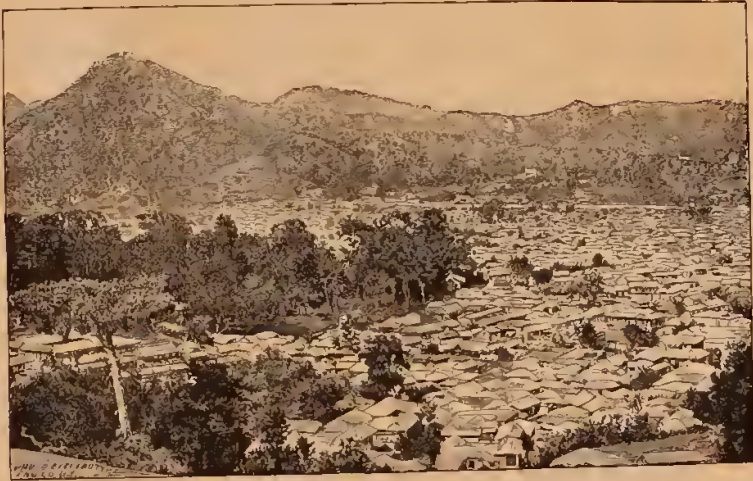
provision is made for closing up the front, when business is over for the day. The roof of the parent house is extended till it takes the place of the mat; the mats hung at the sides give place to permanent mud walls. So the process goes on until the house is enlarged at the expense of the street, and with the exception of that one leading to the palace every street in the city has suffered more or less from this systematic stealing.

There are only three important highways in Seoul. One has already been mentioned. Another extends from the large east gate through the city to the west gate; while the third leads up from the south gate and connects in the center of the city with the large street running east and west. Into the sides of these streets only temporary booths have been built, as it is not known what day his Majesty may decide to pass along them. The transformation which takes place when it is heard that the King is coming is wonderful. In a few hours every booth is removed. Not a vestige remains to show that the street had been encroached upon by greedy traders. It is carefully swept and sprinkled with fresh earth, and the King is led to think his city a model of neatness. But no sooner has the procession passed on its homeward journey than rebuilding is begun and business is as brisk as ever.

The houses of Seoul are for the most part small and cheaply constructed. With the exception of the roofs they are all built in quite the same way. The underpinning consists of one large stone for each of the posts, which are set about eight feet apart, this being the standard measure for building. Along the top of the posts are laid the plates. The remaining timbers are similar to those in our barns built forty years ago. Everybody knows what the "big beam" is. Koreans put very large beams into their houses when they have no central support. This is necessary in order to bear up the heavy roof which often weighs many tons. The rafters are round poles, and are given a pitch which corresponds nearly to that of the common pitch of our roofs. In place of roof boards the Korean carpenter uses a great number of small sticks resembling kindling wood, which are held in place by straw ropes. If the roof is to be thatched, it is on these sticks that the straw is laid; but if it is tiled the first thing done is to cover the

## KOREAN HOUSES.

roof with dry earth to the depth of several inches, upon which the tiles are laid, and into which they bed themselves, and are thus kept in place. The earth on the roof serves another good purpose in absorbing small amounts of water that soak between the tiles in extremely hard storms. The tiled roof is covered with a layer of oiled paper, polished by constant contact with the Korean's clothes as he sits or walks upon it. A Korean always leaves his shoes at the door of his own home, but he often wears them into the house of a foreigner lest he soil his stockings on the carpet.



THE ROOFS OF SEOUL.

eaves extend three feet all around the house. This is primarily to protect the windows and doors, which are covered with paper.

Everybody knows that the walls of a Korean house are made of mud, but almost everyone going into one of the well-made houses would need to be told that such was the case. The inside walls and ceiling are papered throughout, giving the effect of the walls of our sitting-rooms at home. On the outside, where our houses have siding, there is a smooth surface more or less white, according to the amount of lime used in the finishing coat. The houses are one-story high.

Who has not heard of the Korean dirt floor? If the reader is ever fortunate enough to stand upon one well made, he will be reminded of a smooth marble floor, or the tiled floors of some of our finest public buildings. Do not be mistaken, the floor is made of earth, and the smooth, glassy surface under your feet is heavy

All their houses are heated from beneath. Flues are made under the floor, the fireplace and chimney being outside the house. The Koreans sleep on the floor, and in the cold season enough fuel is used to keep the sleeper warm through the night.

With the exception of the one evil of depending on artificial heat for warming the body instead of covering the body and letting it warm itself by the constant fire that burns within, Korean houses are reasonably well adapted to meet the needs of a cold, dry winter of short duration, and a long, warm summer. Our people who have gone to do work there avoid this difficulty by the use of good stoves and warm beds. On the whole they are to be congratulated upon their favorable surroundings. They have good houses. The climate is agreeable and *healthful*, and they find the Koreans very kindly disposed. What they ask is the united prayers of the Church at home.

D. A. Bunker.

a long period we had no such lady and we could not have complained if our Methodist sisters, who were strong in numbers, had got hold of the wives of our own converts, and, eventually, of their husbands. It is a fact, however, and also a mystery, that

with her husband for her picture, which I took and a copy of which is now in my album. Yet had I asked him when he first came to teach me to bring his wife for a visit, he would have been shocked and perhaps would not have come near the house

again. So much was brought about by mere association with foreigners.

The Koreans are very receptive, and servants display great readiness in adapting themselves to the peculiarities of their foreign employers.

A glimpse of women at their household occupations may be of interest. In no



KOREANS IRONING

the Romanists have been able to get hold of the women, and by far the greater number of their converts are females. It is not known how they have done it. But they have.

If I were asked what, from a missionary standpoint, are the greatest needs in Korea, I should say, first, more women to work among women; second, more men to work in the schools.

It is to be noted that women, after becoming acquainted with us and our ways, have shown no reluctance to meeting gentlemen and are fond of paying visits to the wives of such foreigners as they know, often manifesting not the slightest embarrassment at being seen, even for the first time, by strange gentlemen. But were a male Korean visitor to enter the room his entrance would be the signal for their instant withdrawal. During my first year in Korea I engaged a man to teach me the language. After being with me about three months he asked permission to bring his wife to the house that she might see how foreigners lived. Of course we were only too glad to have her come, and within a few days she was in our house looking at everything with great enjoyment. She sat at lunch with us and soon was cracking jokes with great gusto. She was withal so neat, so modest, and so manifest in her regard for her husband that we look back on her visit as a time of great pleasure to ourselves. Before they went home she sat

one thing is their way of doing things more opposite to our own than in ironing. In the first place, the "irons" are made of wood, and instead of being flat are round, resembling rolling pins. The table, instead of being a flat board, is a roller, around which the article is wound. They do not heat the "irons," but instead heat (often) a flat stone on which the "ironing board" rests. Instead of steady pressure to smooth out the wrinkles the ironing is done by quick, sharp raps, like those of a drummer. Add to the above that most of this work is done at night and what more antipodal to our method can be imagined? It should be said that they produce a beautiful polish and do not seem to injure the fabric.

Bread-making in none of its branches bears the slightest resemblance to our methods. Koreans have no flour mills, so far as I have ever seen. Hand mills, similar to those of Palestine, are used for cracking and taking off the hulls of peas and beans. But flour is literally pounded out in a large mortar hewn out of wood. Wheat is grown only in small patches and is a late acquisition from the West. Bread, or the only concoction or manufacture which at all corresponds to it, is made of rice flour. In the mortars used are employed two kinds of pestles. One of them, shown in the cut, is made of hard, well-seasoned oak, small in the middle, and is reversible—either end may be used. This kind is usually handled by a woman. The

## SOME TELLING REPORTS FROM PERSIA.



bread ("dock") does not resemble our staff of life, and with the Koreans does not

other is in the shape of a large hammer, the head a foot or more in length, two or two and a half inches square, and is of stone, with a wooden handle. This is wielded by a man and is a heavy and cumbersome implement. In this way a very fine quality of flour is made. What is called

occupy so large a place as does bread in our dietary. Rice is their principal food. In making this bread no leaven is used. It is made by the men and requires adult muscle. After mixing the flour with water, the dough is laid on a flat board about as big as a door, and then kneaded by being beaten with heavy wooden mallets having long handles swung over the shoulders of stalwart men. A woman often helps by keeping the dough turned, deftly curling the edges between the strokes of the mallet. It is thus beaten into a mass which is soggy beyond description. It looks thoroughly indigestible to a European. After the kneading it is cut, or chopped, into cakes about the size of English muffins and toasted. Koreans are a dyspeptic folk and the bread they make would fully account for all their troubles. I could never muster up courage even to taste it.

*Rev. Geo. W. Gilmore.*

## SOME TELLING REPORTS FROM PERSIA.—1889.

FROM Salmas, Miss C. O. Van Duzee reports the girls' school. Attendance fluctuated according to the active or passive influence of bishop (Armenian) and priests.

School began with twenty scholars; bishop came; numbers dropped to thirteen—to ten—teacher left also. "Every one was afraid of persecution."

"The bishop left and the same day a woman came, bringing her little girl." Later, there were "fifteen boarders and the day scholars were pouring in; the priests interfered and took away five girls. They started an opposition school and tried to take away our teacher. But, at the beginning of April we had forty-seven scholars, and at the close of the year there were forty-two, seventy-six having been present during the year; nineteen had been boarders; nineteen scholars knew how to read or finished learning to read during the year, but these were not all present at once. There were two English classes, three in the Testament and Bible, two in arithmetic, one in geography and one in spelling.

"Little girls would come without the remotest idea of sitting still; one minute they would be quiet, book in hand, the next they would be out in the yard or part way home. When we closed all had learned to sit still and seldom even whispered. Advertising cards should have the credit of most of this, for the children would often cry if they had not been good enough to get a picture.

"We had prayer-meeting with the boarders every Saturday afternoon in which the girls have taken part. One, since going home, has gathered a Sunday-school class of nine girls in her own village and is attracting them also with pictures. This was all her own thought. She will not go to the vineyards on Sunday and keeps her mother at home, who says she is the best of her children.

"My time was so occupied in the school that I have been only sixteen times to other villages. Since March 1 over a hundred have called upon me. I kept no record before May 4, but, since then, have given medicine to 95 persons.

"Weekly prayer-meeting for women has been kept up as usual in Haft Dewan. Miss Jewett was most cordially received by Turkish, Jewish and Armenian women and did a great deal of outside work. We are very thankful to her for coming and to Tabriz station for consenting to let her come. We are thankful for the vote to spare Miss Dale next winter and for her willingness to help us in our need.

From Tabriz, Miss Jewett's annual report of woman's work contains a long parenthesis upon her winter's campaign in Salmas, where she went to give relief, after Miss Roberts's health obliged her to come home. We may think of Miss Van Duzee this winter going about in these same places and pursuing the same lines of effort described here by Miss Jewett's pen.

A three days' ride in wintry weather brought me, thoroughly chilled, on the 21st of December to Miss Van Duzee's comfortable home, where all sorts of kind attentions warmed and refreshed me. It was a very pleasant and I hope profitable winter spent there. While Miss Van Duzee devoted

streets in the persons of blind men with long staffs, who announce their presence with a peculiar professional cry. Demon worship prevails in various superstitious practices, to ward off disease and other ills of life. "Worship in high places" finds a counterpart in the location of numbers of Buddhist temples and monasteries, which are placed

as a general thing on the tops of mountains and lofty hills.

These things remind us of the Israel of old. Let us hope that some future chronicler, may find numbers of particulars to remind him of the virtues and institutions of other peoples under the Christian dispensation.

DANIEL L. GIFFORD.

Europe and America. They have glorified Hinduism and Buddhism until the people of high rank seem resolved at all costs to rehabilitate their dead faith and to resist with united effort all advances of Christian truth. Revived Arynism is just now the watchword of the day. Many among us who hate Christianity and Christian missions are urging forward the movement.

The work of evangelization, in India especially, is fast becoming a severe intellectual struggle. The conflict is not with the superstitions and polytheism of the modern Hindu system, but with the purer and better things of the ancient Aryanism, buttressed and strengthened with ethical ideas clearly borrowed from Christian contact.

F. F. ELLINWOOD.

LETTER FROM MR. PORTER.

nificent memorial of himself in this school, which now numbers, in the various departments, about nine hundred students, and which is soon, as I hope, to be chartered by the Government as the first Christian University of Japan.

Another of that favored company, living on the other side of the park in Kyoto, near Dr. Davis, and the Carys, and the Gordous, is your associate, Mrs. Stanford (Jane Pearson of Lowell), an enthusiastic teacher in the school, a warm friend of the young Japanese, and always loyal to your Academy traditions. She and her husband are very hospitable, and their home is all that could be desired.

At Okayama, near the beautiful inland sea, I had a memorable visit with Mr. and Mrs. Perry (of the *W. B. M.*). They have a most interesting collection on the top of a narrow cliff. In five minutes the park is a part of this flourishing city, where the most churches I saw in all Japan, as well as an active Y. M. C. A., a medical college, in which over forty of the students have been baptized, a Christian newspaper, and some very promising out-stations. My only regret was that I could not stay longer in such a beautiful place, and with such warm-hearted friends. When you go to Japan be sure and visit Okayama. I missed seeing the Carys, as they were in this country at that time.

I had the great pleasure of crossing the Sun Mountains and descending by the broad Shimano River to Niigata, where the Scudders gave me the warmest imaginable welcome. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, in his seven-league boots, was down at the landing, with the other gentlemen, on my arrival at night in a pelting storm. They escorted me through the Dutch-looking streets of that superb town, to their large, new house on the dunes, where I found bright open fires in every room, and such unmistakable good cheer that I felt amply repaid for all my trouble in getting there.

Mrs. H. M. Scudder, the Frances Lewis of an earlier day on your records, was unwearied in her kindness to me, as were they all indeed. I would gladly speak of the company of Japanese officials whom they invited to a conversation one evening and of my visit to the girls' school, under charge of the W. B. M., and of our services at the native church on Sunday, but you would need a second lunch before I could finish such a story.

One more character and I have done. Go with me to Korea, if you would find and tell your truest and loveliest women.



Mrs. Dr. Heron (Mattie Gibson of '81), came unexpectedly into prominence last summer, through the announcement in all our newspapers that she was "under sentence of death for preaching Christianity" in Korea. Great was the excitement over this in California and Oregon, where I happened to be at the time, on my way home. Brave editorials declared that, if the report should prove true, it was high time for the American eagle to pounce upon that "land of the morning calm" and shake it thoroughly in his talons, and demand satisfaction for such an outrage. But in a day or two came the pacifying bulletin from Secretary Blaine, stating that he had called to the United States minister at Seoul, and learned that there was no foundation for the rumor. Therefore I wrote Mrs. Heron, enclosing numerous clippings, and said that since she had narrowly escaped the horror of martyrdom, she might find comfort in the thought that, should any further emergency arise, she could safely count upon sixty million loyal Americans to rise up in her defence! And, ladies, I can assure you she is worthy of the gallant protection of any knight errant who might wish to go in quest of chivalric honor. But at present she is in safe hands, her husband being the King's physician, and head of the government hospital, and the recipient of many substantial tokens of the royal favor; e.g. on the birthday of the Crown Prince, Dr. and Mrs. Heron were surprised by a visit from the servants of the palace, bearing on bamboo poles a fabulous quantity of presents, such as 50 lbs. of beef, 30 pheasants, 30 chickens, a lot of fish, a bushel of nuts, a quantity of oranges, 1200 eggs, and other useful stores, which, considering that the Doctor and his amiable wife are rather small eaters, and that their only child was then an infant, seemed indeed to show that his majesty, so far from wishing to *take* Mrs. Heron's life, was doing all he could to *sustain and prolong* it!

I must add that these eatables were not wasted; for the mission orphanage and schools, and the poor Korean Christians, all enjoyed the feast, and it lasted longer even than your lunch at the Vendome.

You have no more devoted daughter of Abbat in your ranks than Mrs. Heron. She talked of you continually, recalling many of your names, and sending her love to all, especially to Miss McKeen. She entrusted to my care for your ma'am, a Korean woman's dress, which I had the honor of presenting at Andover a few days ago.

And so, having taken you to the ends of the earth, and shown you that your Academic plants are blossoming everywhere, I bid you rejoice in yourselves, in your many sisters, beloved and widely

# WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN

AND

## OUR MISSION FIELD.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 9

PLEASE look at the yellow tag on the cover of this magazine. What does it say?

ONE of our ladies in Mexico wants a name for our country. "Down here," she says, "they call us the North Americans, but as that applies equally to Canadians, Alaskans, Sioux and Esquimaux, it is not a distinguishing name, and we talk of going home to 'The States.' Isn't it dreadful?"

MOHAMMEDAN pilgrims in India were conveyed to Mecca, this year, on Cook's tickets.

A GIRLS' school in Kobe has a lawn-tennis court.

IN THE large school of 114 pupils at Woodstock, every girl was in her place at last accounts, and two had passed the Calcutta Entrance Examination in the first division.

THERE are 175 zenanas in the city of Mynpurie and 73 in the villages about.

THE Graham Seminary at No. 42 Tsukiji was *en fete* on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday last. The pupils of the establishment have founded a mutual improvement association which has been named the Hubbard Society in honor of a warm friend of the school, a New York lady of that name. The school received the sad news of this lady's death a short time ago, but it is hoped the Society will help to perpetuate her many good deeds. Monday evening was set apart for the members of the Hubbard Society to entertain their friends. The young hostesses numbered over 100, and the visitors filled the hall to overflowing. The faces of the girls were bright and intelligent and their appearance did credit to the establishment.—*The Japan Mail.*

MRS. HERON says the girls in the Orphanage at Seoul, Korea, are teachable and anxious to learn, modest and lady-like in their ways. Over a hundred pupils are under the instruction of Christian teachers in various schools in that city.

A BIBLE COMMITTEE for the translation of the Bible has been formed by the missionaries at Seoul.

MR. WM. MCKAY, sent to Seoul to put up the electric (Edison) light in the King's palace, was accidentally shot by a soldier who, with that curiosity characteristic of the Koreans, was examining a revolver. His Majesty was much troubled at the accident and after Mr. McKay's death, which took place less than twenty-four hours after he was shot, the King sent word to Mrs. McKay offering to give her a house, support her during her life, and educate her son. On the day after the burial she received \$500 from the King expressive of his sympathy.—*Letter from Rev. H. G. Appenzeller.*

A PRIVATE hospital in Seoul under the conduct of Dr. Scranton, of the Methodist Church, has received royal endorsement.

THE *Heathen Woman's Friend* for July contained a description of a party she gave to Korean women, by Mrs. Scranton, mother of Dr. Scranton:

"When the invitation was sent it had a strange addendum. The guests were told they must come in *clean clothes!* These women met all the requirements yesterday. Their light blue and white and green dresses were as spotless as I could ask.

"If you imagine that the seven invited

guests alone came, you are not thoroughly acquainted with Korean 'tricks and manners.' Every mother told her mother, if she had one. If there was no relative of this sort, she managed to find a sister or a sister-in-law, or some one a little further removed, to bring; and I found, when my guests were all assembled, that twenty had been added to the list invited. I did not care, however, for I felt as if I got just that nearer my heart of Korea."

MR. JANE, for more than thirty years a missionary of the American Board in Micronesia, was arrested three months ago by the Spanish authorities, who have lately taken possession of the Caroline Islands, and is now in prison at Manila. It is supposed to be the work of Roman Catholic priests. The State Department at Washington has promptly opened communication with our Consul at Manila.

ELEVEN schools, not supported by missionary societies, have been established, within a few years, in South Africa for girls of European descent. Of 57 ladies who have gone out from America as teachers, 24 are still there. Eight of the schools are in Cape Colony, one is in the Orange Free State, and two are in the Transvaal. Each is maintained on its own income, aided by Government grants.

THE pioneer of these So. African schools was the very interesting Huguenot Seminary, at Wellington, about forty miles from Cape Town. It was founded by Rev. Andrew Murray, who had come at the call of the Governor, from a Presbyterian manse in Scotland, to minister to a Dutch church in the colony.

Mr. Murray and his wife, led by reading the life of Mary Lyon, to long and pray for a work like hers in Cape Colony, wrote to Mt. Holyoke Seminary begging for a teacher, and before receiving a reply sent on passage money for her. Miss Ferguson and Miss Bliss went out together in 1874 to begin the Seminary which they have carried on, in the method and spirit of their Alma Mater.

THE Huguenot Seminary opened with 40

young ladies of Dutch, French, English and German descent, of whom a third were Christians. During the first term *every one* came out on the Lord's side, and there has been an almost constant work of grace there ever since. The school now contains 150 pupils. Since its establishment it has furnished 250 teachers and ten missionaries to be lights in waste places of the Dark Continent.

AT A military academy in Tokyo are 150 *bettos*, or horse-boys, in the stables of the cavalry department. They belong to the worst classes and are considered unreformable. A Japanese colonel sent the strange request to a Christian Japanese pastor, that he would preach Christianity once a week to the *bettos*. He consented if they might come, 75 at a time (all his chapel holds), so, for some months they have gone, half on Sunday night, half on Wednesday, and the preacher discovers encouraging signs of improvement in them.

THE five Episcopalian, four Congregational and three Presbyterian churches of Osaka have a union prayer-meeting every Monday, holding it in each church in turn.

OTHER girls' schools in Osaka are quite as prosperous as our own. St. Agnes' School (American-Episcopal) was so full last March that the teacher was sleeping on the veranda, "a somewhat airy and exposed bed-chamber" for the season. Teachers and friends of the school call for \$20,000 for a new building.

The teacher of the American Board School also writes: "Every room in my home has become a class-room, even the kitchen, as we have a cooking-class there." June 14th, (1887) she had 265 registered names, of whom more than 70 were boarding-pupils.

THE REV. CANON WESTCOTT at the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society said: "I cannot forget the hosts of men who pass to the uttermost ends of the world as merchants, as explorers, as soldiers. And can it be that the love of gain, the love of country can do what the love of Christ cannot do, call out unnumbered volunteers to a work of exceptional difficulty? To ask the question is to answer it. To answer it is to convict ourselves."

of man. We have already alluded to the favor shown to the *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. Mr. Johnston informed me that while attending a very large meeting of the Brahma Somaj, which was addressed by Mr. P. C. Mozundar, he observed that every mention of the name of Christ was responded to with enthusiastic cheering. The late Cheshub Chander Sand, in the creed which he drew up for his Brahma Church, placed Christ at the head of all the world's great prophets and teachers; and a newspaper called *The Harmony*, published as an

organ of the Brahma Society, has issued a prospectus which announces as its object an effort to unite pure Hinduism and pure Christianity under the banner of Jesus Christ as the Son of God.

Evidently the elements of truth and error are coming into close grapple. It is a time to work and to give. All the Orient waits for America to give back something of that which she has received as the rich and free inheritance of the ages.

A soul not interested in foreign missions in such a time as this is a strange spectacle.

Feb. 15, 1891

#### LIGHT SPREADING IN KOREA.

REV. D. L. GIFFORD, SEOUL.

The prospects of evangelistic work in Korea are certainly brightening. Our hearts have been much gladdened recently by reason of a work that has sprung up in a country locality not far from Seoul. At the time of the Korean New Year, in the early part of February of this year, my teacher went to the country to spend the holiday season at home. As he travelled the road on foot he fell into conversation with a young man journeying in the same direction. Their talk took a religious turn, with the result that my teacher spent the night in his village telling to a little group of men the story of the gospel. He left some books and went on his way. Two weeks later he returned, and what was his surprise to learn that two or three of those he had taught had found peace in believing. Off and on during the spring these converts paid a number of visits to Seoul, and while here they gathered a considerable knowledge of the teachings of the Bible. Mr. Fenwick, in company with Dr. Hardie, at one time paid them a visit of two or three days.

About the 26th of May Mr. Baird and I, accompanied by a helper who had been a believer for a number of years, paid them a visit. Although it was a busy season for farmers, we found a considerable circle eager to be taught. Soon we were at work with a system of Bible readings. Mr. Baird took the life of Christ, and I the sermon on the mount to explain, while Mr. Choi branched out into a course of theology. Mr. Baird in the morning and I in the afternoon sat in the centre of a class, upon coarse mats, in the shade of a tree, upon a hillside raised just a little above the village. The cool breeze fanned us, and our eyes looked upon glittering rice terraces and upon noble, green-clad mountains. Yonder a plowman wading after his ox and plow, was throwing up his furrow out of the water of the rice-field. The hum of insects and the far-away, mellow note of the cuckoo sounded in our ears. Thus seated, the teacher indicated the chapter and verse and Mr. Choi, the helper, using Korean words, read the passage fluently from a Chinese version of the Scriptures.

At night, with an average attendance of ten or a dozen, we gathered in a Korean room and, seated on the floor, under the dim light of a primitive lamp, we listened to the excellent Bible readings of Mr. Choi. Our study continued for a week. The Lord owned our work with one or two conversions. At the close, when the names of those who were desirous of baptism at a later time were asked for, eleven gave in their names. We found that the work, having started in one village, had spread into two or three adjacent villages. Among those affected by the truth was a Buddhist priest. He seemed greatly concerned over

the question of duty with regard to the giving up of his livelihood. One of the Christians in the village, a man in moderate circumstances, has made a definite offer to turn over to our Mission his present home with the deeds, for us to use in any way we please for Christian work. The advice of the Mission has been that he turn over his guest room alone to the Christians of the neighborhood for their use as a chapel. The Lord has certainly been working in that community. We can thank God and take courage at the sight of this garden spot springing up in the midst of arduous sowing.

### SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

REV. GEO. S. HAYS.

The hills and valleys about Chefoo are whitening with the ripening grain, and soon the fields will be filled with reapers, and crowds of careful gleaners. Not a head of wheat, scarcely a blade or a rootlet will be left. The fields will be stripped absolutely bare, reminding one of the vision which the Prophet Joel saw—"The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." So apt is the harvest as an illustration of the spiritual ingathering that the one almost compels us to remember the other. At present throughout Shantung Province the sowers and reapers in spiritual fields are rejoicing together. One of our missionaries who has labored for ten years in fields, hitherto almost barren of results, now declines to avail himself of his home vacation and the rest to which he is entitled, because he sees evidence that the harvest time approaches. From another station comes word that the enquirers are enrolled by the hundreds. During an iteration of forty days this spring, I found abundant evidence that "The word which goeth forth shall not return void." Of twenty-five

markets attended there was not one that did not furnish crowds of eager listeners, and many gave evidence that there is earnest enquiry on the part of the people as to the truth of the Gospel. In former years our missionaries travelled for days without meeting with any one who was interested in the truth, but now one can scarcely go any where without finding church members or those who are seeking the light.

About sixty miles from Chefoo to the south west is the city of Chi-hia. In all that region we have no church-members, and I supposed the population was entirely heathen. On going out to preach and sell books I found a large fair in progress. Selecting a favorable site outside the wall of the city, I soon had a large audience, but hardly had I introduced myself when an unknown friend came crowding in for a front position and inquired "What church do you belong to?" Such an enquiry was so unlooked for and the consequent shock so considerable, that I was unable for a few moments to tell what the name of my own church was. It turned out that he had been baptised by one of the China Inland Mission-

American influence is great here. We long to have our government ask religious liberty. We believe it would be granted and the barrier around us now would be torn away. The country needs our religion; the difficulties to which I have alluded are such as will melt away in the light of Christianity.

The people of Korea are a fine set of men, clear-headed and independent, not so conservative as the Chinese nor so radical as the Japanese—a people who will hold until the very last to that which they find good.

The call is for teachers; preachers they may be, but first they must be willing to teach the people; then when they are ready to preach Christ Jesus, we hope the way may be open. We need more doctors; the people are willing, nay more than willing, to have us come. When will our great Presbyterian Church arise in her might and win Korea for Christ?

#### TROUBLES IN KOREA.

Much apprehension with regard to the safety of our missionaries in Korea has been excited by the reports in the secular papers of riots and bloodshed in Seoul. These uprisings have been occasioned by the circulation of infamous stories about the missionaries. The latest news does not give a very serious aspect to these troubles. No missionary has suffered; perhaps none have been in any great peril. The foreign minister had an interview with the king, who stated that these false stories concerning the missionaries were believed only by the ignorant country people, and the king issued a proclamation stating that all persons caught circulating these reports would be put to death. Thus far we have news of the killing of but one person, and he the father of one of the children said to have been sold to the foreigners. Letters even from the ladies of the mission show no alarm, and

the American young men now engaged as teachers in the government school at Seoul send word that their contracts for another year's service have been renewed.

The business activity and the air of progressive prosperity which appear in the general advices from Korea also confirm the impression that there is no serious disturbance. Large allowance must be made for the reports which often reach our newspapers through Chinese channels.

There is no reason why missionaries, men or women, under appointment for Korea should delay their departure. Undoubtedly for a considerable time they must exercise caution, remembering the inflammable character of the people. Quiet study of the language will be in order, at least for newcomers.

#### A VALUABLE GIFT.

Dr. J. C. Hepburn of the Tokyo mission has recently built, at a cost of about \$2700, a house on a portion of the ground belonging to the Meiji-Gaku-In. He had at first some thought of occupying it himself; but having decided to remain in Yokohama, he has presented the building to the Board of Foreign Missions as a residence for those persons connected with the mission who may be engaged in teaching in the Meiji-Gaku-In.

It has been too much the custom of writers to overlook the influence of the Bible upon modern civilization; but when a comparison is to be drawn between European and Asiatic civilization, this element forces itself upon the attention as the main cause of the superiority of the former. It is not the civilization of luxury or of letters, of arts or of priestcraft; it is not the spirit of war, the passion for money, nor its exhibitions in trade and the application of machinery, that render a nation permanently great and prosperous.—*Middle Kingdom.*

a well-wooded horseshoe-shaped valley, surrounded by a high wall, which wound along the crest of the mountains and then crossed the valley, leaving but a single gateway in the hollow. The water batteries and forts became more and more numerous and better kept, the earthen embankment gave way to a crenelated and embrasured granite wall, and turning a bend in the river, we entered the rapids off the Cande Fort.

It was in the large circular fort on the hill, which dominated the water batteries and the Elbow Fort on the Point, that the gallant Lieutenant McKee received his mortal wounds. Leaving the rapids, we coasted along the left bank for some six miles. All view of the island was shut off by the wall, and had it not been for occasional glimpses caught as we swept along through open gates or under the arches over the beds of the watercourses, we might have believed the country as barren as the hills that showed above the wall.

According to our chart, we were now in the near neighborhood of Kang-wa. On referring to our Korean boy for information, he most humbly and with much apparent regret, said: "Really, your excellencies, I do not know." Neither did we, but seeing a gateway, a few huts and a ferry on the west bank, and a wall on the east bank, which wound along the river and back over the hills toward Seoul, we determined to ask. Landing at the gateway, we found that we had made a good land-



KANG-WA — GATEWAY TO COURTYARD OF TEMPLE.

fall. Without more ado, with a confidence which must have inspired confidence, we landed, bag and baggage. The people appeared very curious, but respectful. The Member from Korea went off to interview the village elder to obtain coolies and a guide to the city. Meantime the Artist, accompanied by the Historian, climbed a small hill within the walls and took a photograph of the gateway through which we had entered the "Land of the Morning Calm." Before the camera could be dismounted the other members of the party had set out. We followed, and after passing several small mud huts and many memorial stones, some of which rested on huge granite tortoises, whilst others had gayly painted sheds built over them, overtook our friends, who were waiting

for us at the foot of a steep hill. We stopped to breathe our coolies, and the Member from Korea told us he had been treated with distinguished courtesy, the village elder providing the coolies at once and accompanying us himself to announce our presence to the magistrate at Kang-wa. Passing through a cut on the crest of the hill, a panorama of great beauty was spread before us. A low, undulating valley stretched away to the high wall-crested hills, winding about their bases, which the fields of ripening wheat and barley marked as with a yellow border; on the low grounds rice paddies, with their vivid green contrasted with the dull, brownish-looking fields of melons and cucumbers; here and there were



KANG-WA. — A WAYSIDE INN.

groups of trees and clusters of straw-thatched houses, and to the north showed the silvery glitter of the passing river. Between the fields wound a well-kept wagon road, marked by the wheels of passing carts.

Keeping on our way, we passed many men, both coolies and people of the middle class, all of whom saluted us respectfully and eyed us with novel display of curiosity. Our guide suddenly raised his head and made a sharp hissing, warning sound. Following the direction of his eye, we saw two women, who, in obedience to his signal, were trying to hide themselves in the wheat, stooping down and running like partridges. A brisk walk of half an hour brought us near the great south gate of Kang-wa. Here our guide left us and hastened on to notify the magistrates of our coming. Following leisurely along the wall, which was from seven to fifteen feet high, built of rough-hewn granite blocks laid in mortar and pierced with embrasures and rifle-slits, we reached the gateway. Passing under the circular arch, we entered a street about twenty-five feet wide, lined on each side with straw-thatched one-story mud houses. The people turned out in force to see us, that is, the male population did; where the women were, and how they were made to restrain their curiosity, is one of the secrets of the "Hermit Nation."

We kept on our way toward the higher part of the town, where we could see the tile-covered houses of the better class, the people not attempting to follow or crowd about us. Numerous small and poor shops for the sale of sandals, dried fish, pipes, tobacco, and other necessities, were seen at intervals. At last, giving up our guide as lost, the Member from Korea asked a well-dressed native, in a big hat, if he could direct us to a good inn. He politely offered to lead us, and, following our new guide, we set out in another direction. On the way we changed our minds, and determined that we would not go to the inn until we had seen the magistrate. Our friend good-naturedly retraced his steps, and led us up the hill.

In the way we were met by two subordinate officials who had been sent to show us to the quarters which the "T'jong-Koung," or military magistrate, had assigned to us. A few steps further and we turned off through a large gateway and entered a spacious courtyard, on the higher side of which was a well-built Korean *kichung*, its roof of half-round tiles, in the conventional tent-shape of the Eastern Asiatics.

We entered the spacious reception or audience-room, which occupied the entire centre of the building, and gladly sat down in some very narrow, stiff chairs. Our reception-room was about twenty feet long by ten deep; the front was entirely open; in the rear were three large windows, between which were neatly made boards, covered with Chinese and Korean characters; at each end a small door opened into the wings, which contained four small, matting-carpeted sleeping-rooms. Strips of finishing ran along the front and rear of the room; the centre was uncovered, and of a dark, semi-polished wood. In the corners were square sitting-mats, and round, pillow-like "pangsoks" of ornamented straw matting; the walls were papered with a white parchment-like paper, whilst the roof was unceiled, showing the joists and roof-beams.

Officials and soldiers continued to arrive and our audience-hall was soon crowded with curious lookers-on. A peculiar, quavering, wailing cry was heard. All except two of our visitors immediately left the hall, and formed two irregular lines in the courtyard. The soldiers, whose military attitude showed Chinese training, drew

themselves up at the gate, and on each side of the two stone steps leading to the portico. Soon the magistrate entered in his chair of state, seated on a leopard-skin; his seal and pipe bearers and numerous attendants walked on each side. His chair was carefully lowered, and he was assisted by his attendants to mount the steps. We advanced to the edge of the portico to meet him. The Member from Korea presented our compliments and greetings, to which the "T'jong-Koung" responded. On entering, it was noticed that we had but four chairs, and, although we pressed our visitor to take one of them, he politely declined to accept it, and remained standing until another chair could be brought. This an attendant covered with a leopard-skin, the tail hanging over the back, and at last we sat down, the numerous crowd of sub-officials arranging themselves in a semi-circle about us. Our new visitor was a lithe, slender man, of thirty-six, with a pleasing, oval face, a thin and rather aquiline nose, and a sparse but long black mustache and goatee. He was clothed in a sort of gown, cut something like a surplice, but more scant, of plum-colored brocaded silk gauze, held over the breast by a gold and silver filigree clasp; the full, wide sleeves were of the same material, but in two bands of different colors, the upper and narrower being a peculiar shade of rich chestnut-sorrel (may the ladies forgive me this term), whilst the lower and wider was a deep turkey-red. Beneath these, were fine white linen garments of the same general fashion. On his head he wore a wide-brimmed, round-crowned hat, exquisitely made of horsehair gauze, and shaped much like that of the Italian Bersaglieri, from the crown a flat, thick plume of short peacock's feathers hung by a short silk cord; the chin-strap was a string of large lemon-colored clouded amber beads, alternating with smaller ones of pink coral.

Our host, for such the "T'jong-Koung" proved to be, expressed his pleasure at being able to receive us, and regretted that the highest magistrate had gone to the capital.

In the course of the conversation which followed, he said that, previous to our arrival, only two foreigners had ever been received in the city by the magistrates; one of these was Ensign Frank, United States Navy, at present our sole diplomatic representative resident in Korea; the other, a German, whose name he did not recollect. He referred to the French attack upon the city, and said that since that time its importance had diminished, as they had ceased to consider it impregnable. In speaking of the Rodgers Expedition, in 1871, he ascribed the whole trouble to a mutual ignorance of each other's language, and said that, now that foreigners had learned to speak Korean, no such trouble could occur.

In the midst of the conversation, some servants entered, bringing a table of unpainted pine, which they covered with a green blanket, and on it set some bowls and cups of common Chinese and Japanese ware. The larger bowls were filled with ice and honey-water; the smaller, with rose-colored "sool," or rice spirit, poured from a Boss's ale-bottle, whose label had been carefully preserved. In the centre were two bowls: one of dried pears and persimmons, and the other of hard-boiled eggs. Silver-bronze chopsticks were placed before us, and our host invited us to fall to. This we did, or, rather, attempted, for the "sool" was not pleasant to our palates, and the dried fruit was like sole-leather; the honey-water, though cloying, we did better with, and the hard-boiled eggs saved our reputation. In the midst of our luncheon, the same long, wailing cry that had announced the magistrate was heard, and two soldiers

came

"Being always very much interested in chemical studies, and having essayed under Professor Polhemus's guidance some experiments with life-producing chemicals myself, I was one day greatly struck with a chance remark my tutor made, to the effect that science would surely one day find a way to create, by chemical action, conscious, rational living beings. This remark made me powder, and I from that hour so narrowly watched every word and every action of the professor's, hoping to get, perhaps, some day, a clearer insight into scientific truth. I knew the professor had strictly forbidden any student to enter his laboratory except on special invitation. But one day I was busy in the college laboratory on some tests, and they all proving unavailing, and being eager to rectify my mistake on the spot, I took heart to wend my way to the professor's private laboratory in the rear of his garden, where I had good reason to expect to find him. When I came to the door of the laboratory building I found the door locked on the outside and the key in the lock. Thinking that the professor must be clo

"Now, this information I should have given to this court early in the trial if I had not been away on a vacation to Europe, not stopping anywhere for mail, and only heard of the trial yesterday on my landing in New York, late in the afternoon."

All the cross-examination which the young man was subjected to did not shake the force and directness of his evidence. It corroborated so completely the story of the professor, and the evidence came so clearly from an honest, unassailable witness, that, strange and almost past belief as it seemed, neither judge nor jury saw a way to escape its force. It opposed to the strong chain of circumstantial evidence against the defendant an unbroken phalanx of evidence in his favor even stronger in texture and quality, and this, taken together with what little corroboration of the professor's tale the chemists and physicians had been able to make out of the mortal remains of the slaughtered *homunculus*, secured Professor Polhemus's acquittal. The judge even instructed the jury to acquit, and, five minutes later, amid the buzzing



place of refuge of the kings of Korea, he was hailed as a deliverer. The obese "Dai-butsu," the Japanese *com-  
pactor*, was summoned, and from him we obtained a Japanese sampan, two boatmen and a Korean boy, not one of whom could speak a word of English. However, the Korean boy spoke Japanese, and the Member from Korea, having spent a year in the capital, had learned Korean, so our chain of communication was complete. Provisions for four days, arms, ammunition, blankets, the Artist's photographic outfit and a bushel of "cash"—about fourteen hundred to the dollar—were stowed in the sampan.

Our preparations completed, we embarked one bright morning in June amidst the encouraging requests of our friends to make our wills in their favor, and, with the wind on our quarter, went "upward with the flood." The first ten miles presented the same barren waste of rocky islands and dreary mud flats, but after working around Lonise Island the river suddenly narrowed. On a point to the left was a small, round, dilapidated, ivy-covered

brought to land, the boatmen saying that foreigners can e no further.

The Member from Korea removed his cigar, shook himself together, and fired a volley of strange sound at our Korean. He listened in respectful admiration, and in his turn bore down on the Japs. His arguments must have been convincing, for our boatmen shoved off, and in a few minutes we were rushing along six knots an hour, shooting the rapids.

Forts and batteries increased in numbers. A high embankment, pierced at intervals by granite archways closed with iron-plated gates, marked the left bank of the river. Every rising ground and salient point had its circular stone fort, many covered with ivy and crumbling to pieces, others showing signs of having been recently repaired. The right bank seemed entirely undefended.

To us, horae on by the swift rush of the tide, the panorama was continually changing. Soon we sighted a town, some two or three miles from the river, nestling in



HANG-WA.— KOREANS.— SEE PAGE 168.

rise to such a height on this one day that the Government felt bound to recognize it? Far away in some village of the Apennines you may, perhaps, hear another story when you are sitting alone with an old woman by the log wood fire. She will tell you that when our Lord remained alone in Jerusalem, and the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph sought Him sorrowing, they came to the foot of a wooded hill, where the way divided, and agreed to separate and follow the different paths. St. Joseph went to the left and St. Mary to the right. Her way was so hard and steep that she almost lost courage, and thought she might as well leave the search to her husband. So she sat down on a piece of rock; but then all the crickets in the wood and on the hillside began to sing her praise, so she plucked up a heart, and went on and found her Son. It is a pretty tale, but it does not quite explain what the crickets have to do with Ascension Day. The true solution of the difficulty probably is, that the crickets are in fuller voice on this than on any other festival of the Christian year, and that an old heathen custom has been permitted to graft itself upon it.

the anger with which they are sometimes treated, is a question, which we have no intention of discussing, but willingly leave to the amateur casuist; but we must confess that for us, at least, Spring would lose one of its charms if the old song were to fall silent along the lanes and among the vineyards of Tuscany.

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ALTHOUGH Scotia now means Scotland, it once meant Ireland. Ireland was known to the Greeks as Iuvencia, about two centuries before the birth of Christ. Cæsar calls it Hibernia, as does Ptolemy in the map he has given of the island. It is said that the Phœnicians first gave Ireland the name of Hibernia, meaning thereby "utmost, or last, habitation," for beyond that land, westward, the Phœnicians never extended their voyages. Toward the decline of the Roman Empire the country began to be called Scotia, a name retained by the monastic writers till the eleventh century, when the name Scotia, having passed to modern Scotland, the ancient name of Hibernia began to be again used.

The last letters from Korea state that although the work of openly preaching and teaching the truths of the gospel is not yet free from restraint, yet the government will gladly encourage school work in every possible way. "Send out more men as soon as you can find them," is the petition that comes with emphasis. "They must learn the language before they can preach, and while they are studying they can be well employed in teaching and at the same time become acquainted with the people among whom they are to work." There is a call, also, for a lady to begin work among the Korean women.

entered, leading between them a well-dressed Korean. A sub-official entered the room, and, kneeling, touched his forehead to the floor. His salutation was answered by a nod. He arose, spoke a few words in a low tone to the "T'jong-Kong," and withdrew. The magistrate turned and spoke sharply and earnestly to the culprit. As soon as he ceased speaking, the soldiers gave the same peculiar cry. One of them took off the prisoner's hat, the other seized him by the topknot and ran with him out of the gate. Our curiosity being aroused, the Member from Korea was put on duty, and through him we learned that the man had disobeyed some order, and, as the magistrate said, really deserved a beating; but, on account of our presence, he had dismissed him with a reprimand.

The conversation began to flag. Cigarettes, cigars and a "shandy-gaff" were offered to our host. These he tried in turn, and passed to his attendants, by whom they were passed from mouth to mouth. The sun went down, and our visitor still staid on. The chairs got harder and narrower, the Member from Korea grew hoarse and dry. At last, the mystery is explained—the cooks were slow. Servants entered and placed on the table four bowls of rice, two of brain soup, coldslaw, seasoned with ground "kai" (*sesamum Orientalis*) seed, jellied seaweed, thin slices of boiled fresh pork, and a dish of what seemed to be raw okra and cucumbers, mixed, more honey-water and "sool." In vain we assured our host that we were not hungry. We must eat. We attacked the rice and honey-water, but could not rise to the state of madness that the soup and pork required. The Member from Korea came to the rescue, and attacked the dishes in such gallant style that our reputations were saved.

Our host and his retinue left, after having placed the house and its attendants at our service, and stationing guards at the gate to restrain the curiosity of the crowd. We sought the little matting-carpeted chambers, and, wrapping up in our blankets, were soon asleep, despite the hardness of our beds and the peculiar owl-like cries of the sentinels on the city wall.

Alphonse and the Historian arose with the lark, being moved thereto by the hard beds and the Korean lark. A natural talent for pantomime obtained for each of us a big brass basin of cool spring water. We then educated the heathen in the manners and customs of the West by making our toilets in public, *à la Louis Quatorze*. A cup of tea and a solid breakfast from our own stores prepared us for the work of the day. The Artist and the Member from Korea turned up later, and, whilst they were breakfasting, we took a look about our premises. The first thing that attracted our attention was what seemed to be furnaces under the floors of the sleeping-rooms, and examination proved that they were what they seemed. The Member from Korea called them Korean blankets. The soldiers were the next objects of interest. They wore short, black cotton jackets, trimmed around the neck, with red, short, full trousers, and a coarse, stiff black felt hat, with a wide, straight brim, for all the world like an old-fashioned leaver, and red band; a red strip in front, from the band to the crown, was marked with their corps designation. A leather belt with a brass plate, marked with Chinese characters, worn well up under the arms, carried a bayonet-sword and an old-fashioned leather cartridge-box. Their guns were English "Tower" muskets, and their bayonets were marked "U. S." We easily persuaded one to go through the manual for us, which he did with considerable precision. In the midst of our explorations another supply of our host "chow" arrived, and was shortly followed by our host and his attendants. Many officials called to

pay their respects, and the day wore on. The Artist got his camera into position, but could get no picture, as the fog insisted on remaining with us. A band of music, composed of a long drum, a short drum, a two-stringed violin, a flute and a reed pipe, came in, and, seating themselves on the portico, played several peculiar, weird, sad and not unpleasant airs. The music was distinctly marked, slow at first and quickening toward the end, a distinct *andante* being followed throughout the piece. Our host excused himself as soon as the band had finished, and took his leave, after instructing some of his subordinates to act as guides.

The sun coming out, the Artist exposed several plates. Another Korean "chow" arrived, and the Member from Korea again ate that we might live. Having, at last, satisfied the demands of Korean etiquette, we set out with an escort of soldiers and officials, climbed the high hill overlooking the city, and rested in the pavilion on its summit. Near by was a sort of stone altar, with wide under draughts, on which was built the sun-dome fire that nightly telegraphed to the capital "All is well."

The prospect was strangely varied and beautiful. To the south and east were the fertile valley and shining river, beyond which, in the blue distance, rose San Kak San (the "three-horned mountain"), over whose peaks ran the walls of Seoul. To the north and west lay the tiled and thatched roofs of the city, beyond which were high, bleak hills with a hamlet nestling here and there. A glimpse of the north fork of the river, caught between two jagged hills, was strangely suggestive of the lochs of Scotland. Some time was spent here enjoying the scene and taking views. At last, with many a lingering look, we started back to the dusty streets of the city. Following the wall toward the south gate, we passed the archery butts, where the archers were exercised over a range of about eighty yards. Here a messenger, one of the old time matchlockmen, in a round-crowned, broad-brimmed hat with a red laceshair plume, and blue gown with a green girdle, brought us a note from the "T'jong-Kong" expressing his regret at not being able to be with us, and asking us to call on him at his Temple. This we at once did, and were most hospitably received. Again the death of ehmirs came near creating an embarrassing display of politeness; but the Artist, true to his Bohemian habits, sat himself on the window-sill, the Member squatted on a mat, the Historian modestly took one of the two chairs—a small folding one—whilst Alphonse, as usual, getting the best of everything, seated himself in the chair of state covered with the leopard-skin; our host squatted on the floor. After the usual exchange of compliments, the Artist requested permission to photograph him. He acceded with evident delight, and proved a very docile subject. We were then served with iced honey-water, "sool," cherries, honey, "h'toupon," or cakes made of rice-paste, after which we took leave of our host, telling him that we intended leaving at daylight the next morning. He expressed regret at our determination, and said that he would come that evening and bid us good-by.

On our way home we passed a large bronze bell about five and a half feet high by three and a half in diameter, suspended about two feet from the ground. From the same beam hung, by a rope, a log of wood which was used like a battering ram for striking it. Near by were three figures with voluminous blue cotton robes over their heads, the eyes alone showing through a narrow horizontal slit. These were women, the only ones we saw at close quarters during the trip.

After our host had made his farewell call, we sent him



KANG-WA.—EILCHUN OFFICERS AND ATTENDANTS.

a note thanking him for his hospitality and sending him a small present of wine. He answered it at once, sending us eighty eggs and a coop of chickens. At daylight the sub-officials called for us. Mounting small ponies, which our kind friends had provided us, we set out, at a brisk walk, for the landing, attended by several of the Tamun runners, with their crimson horsehair plumes, and one of the sub-officials.

Arriving, we took leave of our escort, and after distributing some strings of cash among the horseboys and coolies, we embarked, and were soon floating rapidly down the river. At Fort McKee we landed, taking the camera with us, and started to tramp along the walls to the lower rapids. The country showed everywhere the same expanse of fertile fields of rice and grain, hid behind the embankments and walls of the river. Korea has well been called the "Hermit Nation," but her policy of seclusion is crumbling away with the ivy-covered walls of her



A DANCING-GIRL.

long lines of forts, and another decade will see the country as free to foreigners as Japan is to-day.

Embarking above the lower rapids, we shot them in safety, and shortly arrived at Chemulpo, having thoroughly enjoyed a trip amongst a people who, untainted by contact with foreigners, had shown that they possessed the virtues of courtesy and honesty in a high degree.

P. S.—The Artist at once went to work developing his plates. From his den strange sounds like vigorous blessings were heard. He opened up and came out, bringing some half-dozen plates whose dull surface showed only too plainly that our Korean friends had gratified their curiosity by inspecting the plates. A half-dozen alone had escaped. Curiosity, thy name is Man, in Korea.

THE man who violently hates or ardently loves cannot avoid being in some degree or sense a slave to the person he detests or adores.

upon profession. The number of members reported for this church last year was fifty-five. This probably includes a part of the twenty-three additions stated above, but it is plain that the present number cannot be less than seventy.

Very encouraging letters have been received recently from Korea, from which it appears that practically the whole country is open to the preaching of the truth—in a quiet way. Rev. Mr. Underwood reports over twenty adults who have been baptized, four of whom resided at an interior town. Such is the apparent interest of the people in the truth that at various places in the interior where portions of the Scriptures have been circulated the people are asking for instruction, at one place about seventy-five declaring thus their interest in the word. From all accounts it is evident that the development of the spirit of inquiry is even more rapid in Korea than it was in the first few years in Japan.

Our missionaries call for four additional helpers in the capital alone, while they present the wants and opportunities of the interior as indefinitely great.

It becomes a practical question and one which ought to engage the warmest interests of the church whether these opportunities in Korea shall be improved at once. Korea, like Japan, seems to hold but a slight attachment to Buddhism or any other system that stands in the way of Christianity. The great and beneficent change which has come upon Japan is well understood by intelligent Koreans, and there is a strong desire to follow in the footsteps of the island kingdom on the east.

But what can be done by a Board whose hands are already full? How dare its managers launch out into deeper waters? There seems to be no way but for men of means to come forward and assume this extra work by a permanent support. Who would like to preach to the Koreans by proxy for the next five years.

Meanwhile, under the provisions of a French treaty, whose privileges other nations may share, it is believed that property can

be secured in almost any part of the country for missionary purposes. The political outlook, also, is more favorable than it has been for many months. The action of the Chinese officials in arresting the Korean minister on his way to Washington having been met by remonstrances from our own Government, and by still stronger protests from Russia, the Chinese officials have evidently taken the hint in a salutary degree. At last they seemed the most anxious of all to have the Korean minister sent on his way rejoicing. Accordingly he has already appeared in this country, attended by Dr. H. N. Allen, former medical missionary of the Presbyterian Board at the Korean capital.

The outlook now seems to favor the autonomy and independence of Korea as a policy to be recognized by the different governments. It is an encouragement to the Korean king to develop the resources of his country, to encourage education, and at least to wink at the spread of Christianity.

"They lay aside the mold, but retain the lesson." This was the remark of an observer when speaking recently of his travels in Korea and their Christians. He found that the barrels had the amount of their contributions to foreign missions threefold. "It is just what the children require," he said, "for a time. When they grow older they cease to care for the barrels, of course. They lay aside the mold, but retain the lesson. They are friends and supporters of the cause of missions from that time on."

Who can doubt the importance of the principle which this pastor had found to be so effective? Of course the man of fifty years cares not for such devices. Judging from his standpoint and failing to remember that children are children, he may even disapprove of the barrels and the jugs. He believes in giving for Christ's sake only and on principle. That is well as an aim. But our Saviour used parables with his disciples, who were virtually children, and all the didactic statements that could have been uttered would not have equalled the power

and the pathos of that story—we may say that picture and object-lesson—of the prodigal son.

Many of the things which are devised for children for their instruction in spiritual truths are virtually parables. Who does not know that a child when called upon to perform some task will do it a thousand times more cheerfully if he can manage in some way to idealize it and clothe it with the creations of his exuberant fancy? Enthusiasm is the charm of his young nature, and we verily believe that God approves of this element in childhood as his own blessed gift. Try the experiment of the barrels.

Rev. Wilson Phraner, D.D., sends us a most cheering letter from Nagasaki, dated October 25. He had at that date visited the Japan missions, and was on the eve of sailing for Peking. He writes in high praise of the work of our mission in Japan, but he speaks still more enthusiastically of the extent and thrift of the Kyoto work of the American Board.

That board has been at work in the country but a comparatively short time, but has planned great things, and accomplished great things have been accomplished.

Dr. Phraner joins in the prayer that our missionaries have so often made for "more men, more men." He says:

No such open door was ever yet before the church as is found in this land. The brethren are overwhelmed with work, and need more help. We ought not to fail to avail ourselves of the peculiar opportunities there, even though men should for a time be withheld from other fields.

Information has just reached us of the death of Manie, second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. David Thompson, of our Tokyo mission, Japan. The death of this covenant child resulted from malignant diphtheria, after an illness of four days. It adds to the severity of the bereavement that, under the laws of the city, her precious dust had to be laid to rest in a distant cemetery set apart for the burial of those who die of contagious diseases. But, as the bereaved father well

remarks, "It makes little matter where our bodies are laid. United to Christ, they rest in the grave wherever and among whomsoever they may be until the resurrection; then they shall be raised up in glory." The stricken parents have our sincere sympathy in this deep sorrow; while we rejoice with them in the hope they entertain that their beloved daughter sleeps in Jesus.

The question whether the Chinese are honest or dishonest will never be definitely settled. Employes of high and of low rank are trusted throughout China to a degree not known among other peoples. And yet the Chinese official has a peculiar character of evasiveness which it is difficult to describe. How to do a thing and yet not to do it, how to enable you to grasp the substance and find it ashes or a phuntom, is his specialty. In relation to the late disturbance in Kwai Peng, the mandates of the Imperial government have been carried out dutifully, but at the same time in so artistic a manner as to hurt nobody, to interfere with nothing, to leave everything as it was, and cover the face of each subordinate with the serenest Chinese smile. Edicts and warnings have been posted against any possible interference with foreign missionaries and native churches, but they are so skillfully put that the mob take courage, and while the Chinese government is proud in the consciousness of doing the honorable thing diplomatically, missionary premises are stoned and missionary boats are looted in a style which Bret Harte would call "peculiar."

This time Rev. Mr. Fulton has lost only \$250 by citizens of the empire who came to the rescue while his boat was poised on the point of a hidden rock, and who lightened the lading of course. With a party of fellow missionaries he was paying a visit to well-remembered Kwai Peng. The magistrate had issued proclamations covering their safety and the protection of their property, but they were capable of both an American and a Chinese sense.

The question of Kwai Peng is not yet settled.



the people are often ready to receive the truth—  
more so at times than they are in the large  
towns and cities.

How long this transition period of Japan  
will last of course none of us can foresee. Her  
history shows that her great changes have been  
quickly made. In what forms these unsettled  
elements will crystallize next no one can tell;  
but during this plastic state we must impress  
the mould of Christ as firmly as may be, so  
that when the new form of civilization is seen, it  
will be not simply modern but Christian. We  
are here at present as leaders and advisers, not  
as "lords over God's heritage;" so that while the  
Japanese church will frequently do that which  
we think to be unwise, we must sometimes  
withhold our hand. They must learn as other  
people have learned. They think that they are  
wise enough to be independent of all the  
thought of the world if only they have the  
Scriptures to begin with. I am very willing

## KOREA.

J. W. HERON, M.D.

Korea has had apparently a system of government almost purely patriarchal. While the king was head of the government he was also the great father of his people. To him those who did not or could not work looked for subsistence. One class soon became that from which the officials were drawn, while the second class furnished the laborers, farmers and artisans, a middle class forming the link between, despised usually by the higher and regarded with some contempt by the lower.

The upper class, the *Nyangpans*, as they are called, are the scholars of the land, well versed in the Chinese characters, which they write exceedingly well, acquainted with literature and science such as : : : : : have very proud of

starve out any good

— *Jan 1878*

Our Korea mission rejoices in the organization of the first Protestant church in that long-neglected land.

It began with the enrollment of fourteen members and the ordination of two elders. Another member has since been added. By the last accounts Rev. Mr. Underwood had been called to an interior town to baptize a

our mission in Korea, has favored us with a most interesting and encouraging account of the country and of the Protestant missionary force under the American Presbyterian and Methodist boards.

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MISS MARY E. HAYDEN wrote her first letter to her Board from SEOUL, November 26, 1888, two weeks after her arrival:—

At Yokohama we waited eight days for a steamer to Nagasaki, and had a pleasant visit with missionaries and saw a little of work there. I was most kindly entertained at the home of Dr. Hepburn. The passage from Yokohama to Nagasaki covered five days. It was very delightful through the Inland Sea. At Nagasaki we were delayed three days awaiting a steamer for Chemulpoo, the seaport of Korea, and here also we were kindly entertained. Mrs. Davison, one of the M. E. missionaries, did much to make our stay pleasant. Japan is beautiful, with its hills covered with an almost tropical growth, and its valleys under a high degree of cultivation. The people are as interesting for their politeness and receptiveness as their country is attractive.

We arrived at Chemulpoo at nine A. M. November 19th, and had no sooner anchored in the bay than we were bade a most hearty welcome to Korea by two of the workers from Seoul. We went ashore, and, as chairs for the ladies and ponies for the gentlemen were ready, we set out at once for Seoul, thirty miles distant.

Eight coolies attended each chair, sets of four alternating in bearing it. Half way from Chemulpoo we were met by several others from the M. E. and Presbyterian Missions. My coolies proved not very good bearers, and before the afternoon passed we begun to fear that some of us would be left outside the gates, which close at dark.

As it grew late it was decided that all except Mr. Bunker should hurry forward, and, if possible, have the closing of the west gate, at which we were to enter, delayed. Through Mr. Bunker's persistent urging on of the poor tired men we succeeded in reaching the gate in time, though it was too dark to see much of the surroundings.

Mrs. Bunker's welcome to me to her own home was most cordial. She had not forgotten her own arrival. Members of both missions called upon us next day. The entire American and European population does not exceed fifty. The day after my arrival Mrs. Bunker took me to see my charge—the one orphan with whom I am to begin. She is a nice child. Since I came we have taken another motherless child of six years, but she seems homesick for her father, and we fear some trouble in getting her to stay. It is difficult to get children since last summer's trouble. They are afraid of us.

Have begun the study of the language, and must say the task looks gigantic. The missionaries all have pleasant homes, though it may seem inconceivable to the home folks that mud walls can ever be made attractive.

“Why the difference,” our missionaries in Korea are asking, “between our Presbyterian Board and that of the Methodist Church?” The two organizations commenced work in Korea about the same time. That of the Presbyterian Board was especially favored by a series of providences which gave it great prestige, and which placed in its hands a hospital entirely supported by the Government. Now the Presbyterian Board has two missionaries; the Methodists have nine and are expecting to send out two more at as early a day as possible. Why this difference, though our missionaries are pleading for reinforcements? The Board has only one male medical missionary. He is in charge of the government hospital, is physician to the king, and has more or less practice among the foreigners. Should he fail in health, all this work would pass from the hands of the Presbyterian mission. It is very important that a physician and two clerical missionaries should be sent at once for the occupation of the capital, to say nothing of two or three other important stations which might be opened with good promise of success. Four or five new missionaries should be sent to Korea during the coming season. Where are the men? Perhaps a harder question is, Where are the funds to send them, should the men be found?

It is the Centennial year of the Presbyterian Church. It should be a year of liberal things. God grant that its missionary work may end not in humiliation but in rejoicing.

FOR

In a hasty note written on December 23, 1888, under great pressure of duty, Rev. H. G. Underwood sends the following cheering news from the little "Hermit Nation":

I just want to tell you about the service to-day. I do wish you could have dropped in and seen us. It would indeed have done your heart good to have seen the evidence we had to-day that the Lord is with us. Our chapel room was full, scarcely a vacant seat in the room, about fifty Koreans being present. With heart and soul they all joined in singing the Korean version of "Before Jehovah's awful throne," and then *eleven young men* stood up and before the whole assembly professed faith in Christ, and their determination, God helping them, to follow him. It was to us all indeed a solemn season as they knelt and, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, received the seal of their faith, and thus witnessed for their Master. It rejoices us much that the Lord has called so many to know him in so short a time, and emboldened them to take their stand for Christ.

The attention of the whole congregation was intense. All seemed to be drinking in what was said, as though they realized that it was indeed the truth. The Spirit of God seems to be moving the hearts of the people and the members of the church are deeply stirred. Our workers from the country are up now and will be here for a month or more. I am taking them through a short system of theology, teaching them singing and how to conduct meetings, how to talk, read and pray. God is manifestly with us, and we hope and pray most earnestly that these men will be able to take back such an influence as that great things may be the result.

# IN THE CITY OF SEOUL.

The Capital of Far-Away Corea and  
What It Looks Like to an  
American.

Nine Miles of Wall Hem In the Most  
Curious People on the Face of  
the Earth.

A Nation of Girls Born to Blush Unseen—The  
King and His Despotie  
Powers.

SEOUL, Corea, Nov. 23, 1888.—The Coreans are the rarest birds in the aviary of humanity. I first came into contact with them in January. The king had sent his first legation to Washington. I was at the capital acting as the correspondent for the *New York World*. The legation swooped down upon our court circles in their big hats and their gorgeous gowns. They used the whole of the Pennsylvania avenue sidewalk for their promenade and their first appearance upon the street brought out as many darkies and small boys as a circus procession. They were the sensation of the day. The society belles hung upon them at the president's receptions and books on Corea sold like hot cakes. Little, however, had been published and the newspapers, with all their enterprise, contained but scanty paragraphs. The embassy had landed at San Francisco and had come directly across the continent. Various attempts had been made by the newspapers along the line to get photographs of the minister and his attaches, but his highness, Pak Chung Yang, had shut his almond-eyes when asked to look into the camera and his suite had to all requests bobbed their pig-tailed heads in a decided negative. The legation first stopped at the Ebbitt house. I called upon them the night they arrived and had an interview with a Corean noble, who spoke English, and with Dr. Allen, the able American secretary of the legation. These talks were telegraphed to the *World* and they duly appeared the next day.

The photographs were a different matter. When I suggested having them taken at the paper's expense Dr. Allen said that they were too busy and the Coreans, smoothing their gorgeous gowns down over the bustles of their abdomens, replied that the thing was impossible. Still, it was Friday, and the Sunday paper had to have an illustrated letter on the legation. The almighty dollar and the pencil of a bright young artist solved the problem.

He took dinner that night at the Ebbitt house and his table was just next that of the big-batted Coreans. He carried his sketch book with him and he turned out a number of excellent character sketches between the bites. These were sent that night to New York. They duly appeared in the next Sunday's *World*, and they were the first pictures of Corean nobles which had up to that time been published in an American newspaper.

This was ten months ago.

I had then no idea that I would ever visit Corea. It seemed the jumping-off spot of the end of the world. It was known as the hermit kingdom, and was the last of the unknown lands. I ransacked the national library to find the material for the two-column article which accompanied my sketches. I was told that the only book that gave any information about the country was written by a man who had never been there, and Peole's index showed that the magazines had published nothing to speak of concerning it. All authorities, however, agreed that it was a strange land. Now I am here in its capital, and I find it far stranger than the books have painted it. I verily believe it is the queerest country on the face of this very queer world.



Notwithstanding the return home of the head of the Korean embassy in Washington, the legation is still maintained. His return has been occasioned by personal considerations, and we have no reason to believe that any serious disturbance or hindrance will occur to the missionary work. In this confidence the Board is enlarging its force. Rev. Daniel L. Gifford sailed for Korea on the 29th of October, and Rev. William Gardner, with his sister Miss Sarah Gardner, is soon to start for the same field. At a still earlier day Dr. Power, a medical missionary, joined the mission, and also Miss M. E. Hayden for special work among women. The boys' school is flourishing, while a very favorable site has been secured for a girls' school, of which the corner-stone has been laid. Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, Mass., who during the past few months had the pleasure of visiting



COREAN - MINISTER AND FAMILY.

their family and descent, but often very poor. Certainly their condition is a lamentable one: too proud to work, too poor to live without it. Occasionally some brave man breaks through the lines of caste and does work. Some country *nyangpans* are farmers; this, in the country, not being derogatory to them. They must live in some way, so every rich man's house, every official's residence, is crowded with a host of poor relations, who act as secretaries for their more fortunate kinsmen, who in turn feed them and occasionally make them a present of some cloth for clothing.

Their wives, strange to say, seem to have less caste, and a poor *nyangpan's* wife may take in sewing, or may even keep a small restaurant or inn, provided, of course, she does not appear before her customers, without her husband losing caste. Of course this is only possible with the poorer ones, but even the wives of men comparatively high in rank do their husband's sewing and ironing.

The great hope of all Korean *nyangpans* seems to be to get office, which means not only rank but food, clothes, money and everything desirable for a Korean to have. Office is supposed to be obtained solely as the result of the *kuagga* or examination, the successful competitors obtaining rank and office. No doubt this was once so, but now favoritism,—not I believe on the part of the king, but on the part of those deputed by the king to examine the candidates' trial papers,—or even purchase, often obtains the coveted rank and office. The latter may be for a term of years, but the rank continues throughout life unless a higher one is obtained.

Kuowing what office means to a Korean, one can readily understand why on examination day the city should be thronged with anxious, excited men, and why men should come year after year from youth to old age to secure if possible the coveted prize.

What stands in the way of the onward progress of the country is that there is a large number of consumers who are not in any sense of the word producers. One of the first things this people must learn is the dignity of labor—that nothing in work is as degrading as it is not to work.

ought to be fifty native pastors and evangelists preaching on this west coast. We must wait for these until we can raise them up; and this exceedingly important work we are doing in our schools. The kindergarten takes the children from five years of age and prepares them to enter the higher schools. Miss Porter has in her charge the children of the governor and other high officials, as well as the children of the native Christians. A new building is to be erected this summer for this important work, and we are hoping also for an assistant lady teacher. Next is the girls' school, conducted by Miss Hesser and Mrs. Naylor, with about fifty young girls, one fourth of whom are boarders, and some of whom will become Bible-women, while others will become the wives and helpmeets of the pastors and evangelists who will come in time from the boys' school. There are now sixty young men in this school, about one fourth of them Christians and a smaller number in training for the ministry. A new building is to be erected for recitation-rooms and chapel this summer, and it is hoped that a dormitory may be built soon and the school changed into a boarding-school. Many of the boys come from the surrounding country, and are subjected to great temptations in the heathen families in which they board. The hardest thing the boys have to contend with in becoming Christians is the opposition of their Buddhist parents. One said to me recently, "Wait until the old folks die, and then the people will become Christians." In the rising generation is the hope of Japan, and hence the importance of the educational work. We expect two missionaries and their wives to arrive this fall, and two single ladies, which will increase our force to five married missionaries and six single ladies. Mr. Winn has returned after two years absence on account of his health, and he and Mr. Porter will devote themselves to evangelistic work, leaving the school work to be carried on by the others, who at the same time will be studying the language.

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#### EVANGELISTIC WORK IN JAPAN.

The following extracts from a recent letter from Rev. J. P. Hearst, of Osaka,